the weekly
Standard
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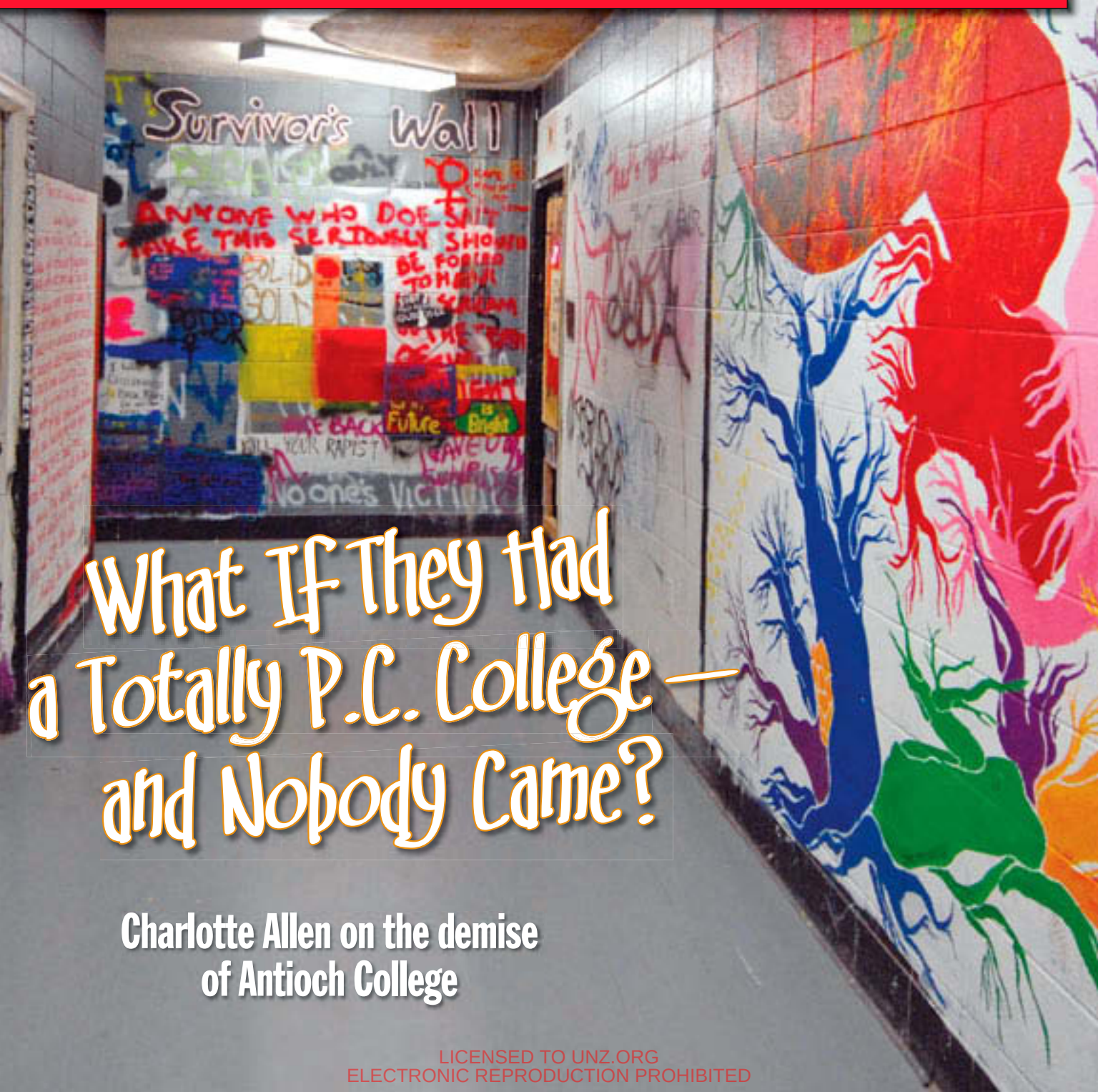
HILLARY RETURNS TO WELLESLEY
JONATHAN V. LAST



What If They Had a Totally P.C. College—and Nobody Came?

Charlotte Allen on the demise of Antioch College

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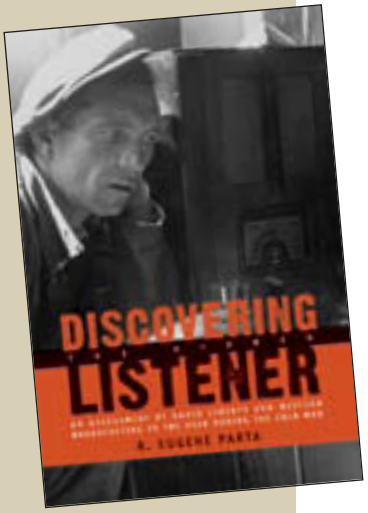
Two new books from the Hoover Institution



Discovering the Hidden Listener:

An Assessment of Radio Liberty and Western Broadcasting to the USSR during the Cold War

BY R. EUGENE PARTA

How did Radio Liberty–the most vilified Western broadcaster in the Soviet Union–eventually amass such a vast audience that it was ultimately accepted as a legitimate participant on the Russian media scene by the authorities themselves? This book offers a quantitative overview of the impact of Western broadcasting and Radio Liberty from the listeners, perspective: How many listeners were there? Who were they? How and why did they listen? What did the broadcasts mean to them? Did they make a difference? Based on more than 50,000 interviews with Soviet citizens, the book sheds light on what these broadcasts meant to listeners as the USSR moved toward a freer society.

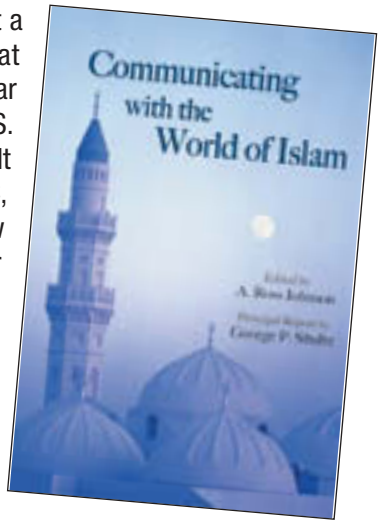
R. Eugene Parta retired as director of Audience Research and Program Evaluation for Radio Free Europe/Radio Liberty in Prague in September 2006. He has worked in the field of international broadcasting audience research since 1969.

November 2007, 116 pages
978-0-8179-4732-3 paper $15.00

Communicating with the World of Islam

EDITED BY A. ROSS JOHNSON; PRINCIPAL REPORT BY GEORGE P. SHULTZ

Western broadcasts had a remarkable impact in the USSR and Eastern Europe during the cold war. This report, drawn from discussions at a seminar sponsored by the Annenberg Foundation Trust at Sunnylands, draws from the lessons learned in the cold war broadcasting experience to propose the best ways of organizing U.S. efforts to communicate with Islamic people around the globe. It examines the effect of Voice of America, Radio Liberty, the BBC, Radio Free Europe, and other broadcasting tools and suggests how the United States can use these instruments today to counter extremism and improve understanding of the United States in the Islamic world.



A. Ross Johnson is a Hoover fellow and former director of Radio Free Europe.

November 2007, 74 pages
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Lamb Among Wolves

To the long list of insipid innovations that cable television news has inflicted upon us—sound effects, hysterical coverage of the weather, Chris Matthews—we can now add the "lightning round." It was on display last week when the Democratic presidential candidates gathered to debate on an MSNBC stage set that looked like Jor-El's hideaway from *Superman: The Movie*.

In the lightning round, a fidgety moderator asks the candidate a loaded question and then forces him (or her—especially her) to answer in 30 seconds. The lightning round is disarming in its insouciance: Gone, at last, is any pretense on the part of television journalists that they aim to deal in anything more complicated than soundbites and the clipped, misleading slogans of an advertising copywriter. The next time you hear a TV journalist use the phrase "in depth," remember the "lightning round."

It does no good to fret about this sort of thing any longer—to cast our gaze heavenward and wonder rhetorically what the ghosts of Ed Murrow and Walter Cronkite (wait—is he still alive?) would have thought to see their beloved medium of television news brought so low. Yet the argument that TV journalism is irredeemably stupid and corrupt would be easier to sustain if we didn't have C-SPAN and C-SPAN2.

C-SPAN has no sound effects, no toothsome, grinning stars slathered in pancake makeup, no 30-second time frames, no lightning rounds. It's the goal of C-SPAN to remove all such artifices and simply allow politics and politicians to play themselves out in full view and at their own pace, so the public can see them for what they are, for better or worse.

To a large extent, this inspired innovation was the idea of one man: Brian Lamb, C-SPAN's founder and chairman. Last week President Bush selected Lamb to receive the Presidential Medal of Freedom. The White House statement read: "His dedication to a transparent political system and the free flow of ideas has enriched and strengthened our democracy."

We couldn't have said it better, and indeed there aren't many people—certainly in journalism—of whom it could be said at all. Congratulations to a worthy recipient of the nation's highest civilian honor. ♦

The Dictator and the Supermodel

The great tradition of tyrants inviting credulous celebrities to visit their domain and admire the trains running on time is alive and well in the Bolivarian Republic of Venezuela, The Scrapbook is pleased to observe. In recent months, actors Kevin Spacey, Danny Glover, and Sean Penn have made the journey down to Caracas and, as expected, returned home to Beverly Hills to excoriate the United States and extol the virtues of their dictator-host, Hugo Chávez.

These junkets have a certain sameness about them, we regret to note: President Chávez will engage, say, Sean Penn in wide-ranging conversation at the presidential palace for, oh, three or four hours, then offer a quick tour of a nearby clinic, or maybe a youth center, followed by Penn's obligatory praise for Venezuelan medicine. A few days later Penn—or Spacey, or Glover—will appear on the *Late Show with David Letterman*, or *The Daily Show*, to describe the Venezuelan Miracle and joke about George W. Bush.

If it isn't the late Billy Carter in Libya, or Jane Fonda in North Vietnam, it's the Rev. Jesse Jackson in Havana, and the cycle goes on. But The Scrapbook was excited to notice that Chávez's latest A-list pilgrim was supermodel Naomi Campbell, who flew to Caracas last week, spent three or four hours in wide-ranging talks at the presidential palace, and toured a housing project, followed by a press conference.

"I'm marveled, in only 24 hours here," she said, "to see all the love that is reflected in social programs that are extended especially to the women and children of this country." After which President Chávez revealed that she had inquired of him during their interview whether "the [American] empire is going to fall."

The Scrapbook can guess the answer, but cannot hide our disappointment. For while Naomi Campbell is, undeniably, a supermodel, she is probably better known to the public in recent years for her penchant for throwing common household appliances—telephones, BlackBerrys, mobile phones—at her servants, or beating them about the head with other labor-saving devices, yielding blood, stitches, criminal charges on two continents, community service, and jail.

So for one glorious moment, we're ashamed to admit, we imagined Ms. Campbell taking umbrage at some remark of President Chávez's, and angrily picking up a convenient iPod, or the nearest bust of Fidel, and flinging it straight at the president's Bolivarian skull—until we realized that, in

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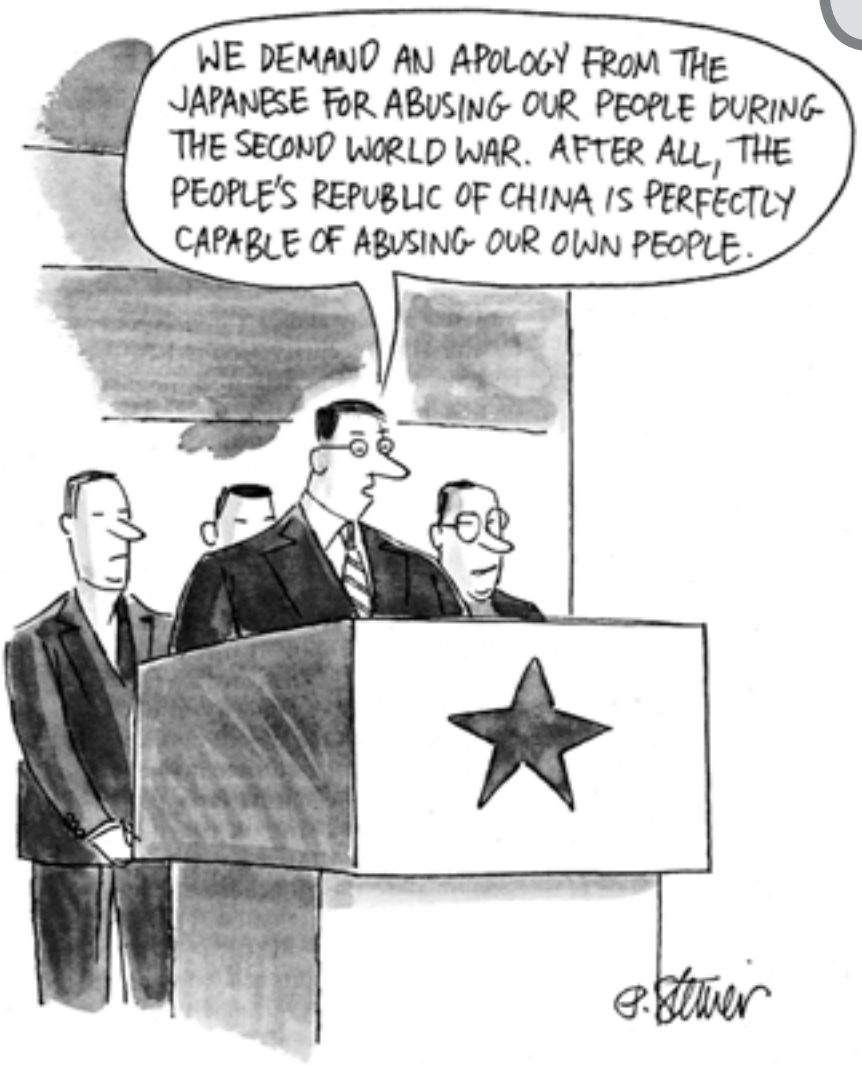

(Classic Steiner, reprinted from our issue of December 14, 1998)

all likelihood, that is exactly why the bizarro Chávez invited Naomi Campbell down for a visit and "personal interview" in the first place! ♦

Shockingly Bad Questions

At long last, Andrew Meyer has broken his silence. The University of Florida student who was Tasered in September during a forum with Senator John Kerry explained to the *Today* show last week exactly what it was he was trying to say. "The first question I asked the senator was about his concession of the 2004 election. Greg Palast, author of *Armed Madhouse*, the book I was holding up at the forum, proved that John Kerry won the 2004 election," Meyer confidently said. "The ultimate point I was trying to make was to bring up was the heinous way millions of American votes were chucked in the garbage on Election Day. Not only is this a total assault on democracy, but the same tactics used to throw away votes in 2004 will be used again in 2008. Read about the Help America Vote Act and see for yourself. HAVA helps America vote in about the same way the Patriot Act patriotically dismantles the Bill of Rights. In other words, it's completely Un-American."

Meyer went on: "The second question I asked was why haven't Kerry and the Democratic Congress made any moves to impeach Bush, considering he has led us into two wars of aggression in Iraq and Afghanistan, and wasn't even legitimately elected (as Kerry knows since, as he told me, he has read *Armed Madhouse*). If Kerry is so concerned about the aggressive posturing the administration is taking towards Iran, why don't he and the Democrats running Congress do something about it? They have the impeachment power. Millions of Americans believe they should use it."

As if this weren't enough, Meyer then threw in that perennial favorite: "The third question I asked Kerry, which Tim Russert of NBC's *Meet the Press* also asked Kerry (and Bush), is was he a member of Skull and Bones in college. Some people treat this question as a joke, but Kerry and Bush never denied the assertion. Perhaps their involvement in the same secret society (once known as the Brotherhood of Death) has something to do with the answers to my first two questions." Unfortunately, campus security rudely interrupted the hapless student before he could raise the issue of the Trilateral Commission, whereupon he uttered the immortal phrase, "Don't Tase me, bro."

It may please you to learn how pleased the *Today* show eminences were with their scoop. Meredith Vieira referred to the foregoing as "an exclusive interview." (Indeed, it was.) And Matt Lauer pointed out that Meyer had intended to "shed light on some very serious subjects." (Whatever you say, Matt.) Charges against Meyer (either for disorderly conduct or for asking asinine questions) were dropped and he is now focused on his future: "As for my post-grad plans, they haven't changed much. I didn't know what I was going to do then, and I still don't know." ♦

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Casual

Albert and Alex and Me

"Who is . . . Albert Schweitzer?"

After years of being a fan of the TV game show *Jeopardy!*, I'm finally on as a contestant, and so far my performance is not impressive. The game is flying by, and the stress is wearing me down. Still, I've managed to snare a "Daily Double" on the final clue of the first round. It's a crucial break, and I've staked most of my winnings on knowing something about "Humanitarians." The clue, as I hear it over the pounding in my ears: "Gabon . . . 20th century . . . organ concerts . . . Europe." I ask my question, and the show's host—Alex Trebek, the man who is *Jeopardy!*—looks at me and says something. I hear the word "correct." I exhale.

For months, it's been impossible to relax. Wherever I've gone, whatever I've done, if there wasn't some fact to be gleaned I've felt as though I were missing an opportunity to prepare. I've spent hours in the library studying atlases, books of American history, copies of *Scientific American* and the *Times Literary Supplement*. My son's baby books about airplanes and dinosaurs have proved to be fonts of information. Sleep has been difficult, not to mention work.

The day leading up to the taping was especially nerve-racking. Sitting in the cramped green room of Sony Pictures Studios in Los Angeles, I was less intimidated by the casual chatter of my fellow competitors—completing this Ph.D., lecturing at that university—than by the clothes. We're here to tape five consecutive shows, and the producers told us to bring changes of clothing so as to look fresh for each "new" appearance, assuming we win and remain in the game. Obviously, everyone here expects to be on the show for some time: They've brought overnight bags, hanging bags, rolling bags, steamer trunks. Looking down at my small carry-on containing a semi-starched shirt, a tie, and two collar stays, I wondered what I was in for.

The crew at *Jeopardy!* tried to make contestants feel relaxed, but it was difficult. In the morning, we ran through two full rehearsals, testing buzzers, taping a few spots for the show's website. Then, around 10:30 A.M., the audience began to file into the studio, and we retreated to the green room for some last-minute makeup and coffee. We drew cards to determine who would appear on the first show against three-time champion Shad, and I was one, along with Lee Ann. The moment had come.

DARREN GYGI

Hearing the familiar voice of announcer Johnny Gilbert read your own name is surreal, but no more so than the arrival onstage of Alex Trebek. I reminded myself that from the start, I'd kept my expectations low. My goals: Answer a few questions, win enough money to make a respectable "Final Jeopardy!" wager, then exit, dignity more or less intact. Yet from the very first clue, even this looked wildly ambitious. I couldn't make my buzzer work, and Shad and Lee Ann were sweeping the game. Prosciutto. *Wuthering Heights*. Maryland. I could have come up with those answers. I was frantic, sweating though it was 64 degrees in the studio. At the first commercial break I was in third place. But suddenly—Albert Schweitzer bails me out! I relax just slightly, and the rest of the game is taut: a terrific back-and-forth among the three of us to see who will emerge champion.

By the time we reach "Final Jeopardy!" we're only a few thousand dollars apart. The last question: Identify the source of an ancient aphorism about war. I make a guess: It has to be *The Art of War*. It is! In that moment, I relax completely for the first time in months. It doesn't hurt a bit that I've just won $32,001.

After a brief conversation at center stage with Alex, I wink to my wife in the audience and am ushered once more into the green room for makeup and coffee, then back into the ring to face new challengers. This process repeats itself three more times before I finally lose to Tracy, an attorney from Florida. She beats me at my own best category, "Authors." (Who wrote *Harvest Home*?)

Truth is, now that it's over, I miss the anticipation of being on the show. I miss coming home and having a reason to force myself to review old college textbooks, to read poetry, to reclaim some of the information, useless and useful, I've managed to forget over the years. I find myself studying even without the incentive of going on TV. I'm rereading Petrarch and Goncharov and some European and American histories. I guess that's fitting, since all my winnings will go to education. By the time my son is ready for college, the annual tuition at any half-decent private school should take the full $78,202 I ultimately won on *Jeopardy!* We're calling it the Albert Schweitzer Memorial College Fund.

Nicholas H.B. Swezey

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Giuliani on Abortion

I have long thought about what a pro-choice presidential candidate would have to do to have a solid chance of earning the votes of pro-lifers, and I don't think that Fred Barnes's suggestion to Rudy Giuliani ("The Speech He Needs to Give," October 22) is the right one.

Rather than merely pledging to uphold current federal funding restrictions on abortion and promising to sign "reasonable legislation" to "reduce the number of abortions," as Barnes suggests, Giuliani ought to stake out a principled federalist opposition to *Roe* v. *Wade*. While reiterating that he is personally pro-choice, he could explain that the Supreme Court's intervention in the issue has not been good for anybody. It has poisoned our judicial confirmation process, and it has strangled the rightful expectations of the people in the several states from regulating abortion as they see fit. The citizens of Mississippi and New York may well have very different ideas on what ought to be legal or not regarding abortion, and the Court ought to respect those differences.

Such a substantive commitment by Giuliani would do much more to win the votes of pro-lifers than his tired statements about appointing "strict constructionists" to the Supreme Court.

Frank T. Pimentel
Herndon, Va.

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Depicting Death

Charlotte Allen did a great service exposing how Planned Parenthood, the taxpayer-funded abortion provider, covers up sexual abuse of young girls in its supposed defense of "women's rights" ("Planned Parenthood's Unseemly Empire," October 22).

I was frustrated, however, by her decision to use euphemistic language often employed by abortion supporters in an apparent attempt to sound "reasonable." Allen wrote that many Americans "who are morally repulsed by abortion do not believe that women should be restrained by law from choosing it." Nowhere does Allen describe that choice for what it is: the deliberate and barbaric destruction of an unborn child, often hacked piece by tiny piece before its little body parts are yanked from its mother's womb.

Do I believe women (and young girls) should be restrained by law from choosing to kill their offspring? You bet I do. And if journalists had the courage to depict abortion for what it really is, a solid majority of Americans would agree.

Cynthia Massey
Helotes, Tex.

Bipartisan Stupidity

While I agree with James W. Ceaser's characterization of the "Leftward-Ho" Democrats as a "stupid party" without ideas ("The Stupid Party," October 22), you should also have included a goofy looking elephant on your cover. Republicans have far more intellectual capital and—for six years—had political power but accomplished little that will endure. With free-spending in Congress, little party unity on major issues, and the most inarticulate president since Dwight Eisenhower, the Republicans also merit a "stupid party" prize in my book.

Robert Strong
Glencoe, Ill.

Thompson's Charisma

Stephen Hayes's article on Fred Thompson's first debate appearance ("Fred Doesn't Flop," October 22) neglects Thompson's personal qualities that deeply resonate with the American people. His charisma is not like that of Bill Clinton (i.e., self-absorbed), but like that of Reagan, giving the assurance of stability, decency, and maturity. We love Fred Thompson for the same reason we adore John Wayne and Jimmy Stewart.

And these aren't the observations of someone who gushes over a man simply because he has a southern drawl. I'm a black registered Democrat New Yorker who voted for Bush twice. Thompson is the Republicans' best hope for winning the national election.

Alice Griffin
New York, N.Y.

Correction

An article in the November 5 issue ("Awakenings" by Wesley Smith) mistakenly stated that John Edwards was in the Senate, and Barack Obama was not, when the Senate passed by unanimous consent a bill to save the life of Terri Schiavo. Edwards's term in the Senate ended in January 2005, the same time Obama took office. The vote was that March.

• • •

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the weekly Standard

Of Diplomats and Men

On August 26, Al Qaeda in Iraq tried to abduct four American paratroopers on rooftop surveillance in Samarra. The plan seems to have been to hold the soldiers hostage and then behead them just as General David Petraeus was testifying before Congress. Showing an awareness of the American media that many political consultants would envy, al Qaeda hoped that the operation would become an Iraqi Tet, demoralizing Americans on the home front.

Three of the four soldiers al Qaeda tried to abduct were part of a "Reaper" team of the 82nd Airborne. The fourth was a highly skilled sniper. Their mission was to monitor the roads below and prevent al Qaeda from planting IEDs to ambush their fellow members of Charlie Company as they made their way back from a mission.

According to Jeff Emanuel's report of this episode in the November *American Spectator*, the four men were alone and isolated on their rooftop. They soon found themselves under attack from nearly 40 al Qaeda fighters. Two of the men, team leader Sergeant Josh Morley and Specialist Tracy Willis, didn't survive the attack. The two who did, Specialists Chris Corriveau and Eric Moser, killed between 10 and 15 al Qaeda in a desperate fight over 10 long minutes. At one point, al Qaeda forces tried to grab Sergeant Morley's body as a trophy. At great peril to himself, Specialist Moser didn't let that happen. At the time of his death, Sergeant Morley was anticipating seeing his newborn daughter for the first time. He was 22 years old. His comrade, Tracy Willis, was 21.

Not long after the Reaper team had its deadly engagement in Iraq, the State Department found itself enmeshed in a surprisingly intense internal dust-up. Not enough career diplomats at Foggy Bottom were volunteering to serve in Baghdad. To remedy this situation, the State Department announced its intention to assign some foreign service officers to Baghdad, whether they volunteered or not. This announcement triggered an urgent State Department "town hall" meeting that took place October 31, where one Jack Crotty, a senior foreign service officer, spoke out. "It's one thing if someone believes in what's going on over there and volunteers, but it's another thing to send someone over there on a forced assignment," Crotty carped. "I'm sorry, but basically that's a potential death sentence and you know it. Who will raise our children if we are dead or seriously wounded?"

It is tempting but perhaps unfair to compare Crotty's "death sentence" remark, and his resolve, with the actions of the men of Sergeant Morley's Reaper Team. As the memorial plaques at the State Department attest, a long line of foreign service officers, from the 18th century down to the present day, have given their lives in service to their country. Crotty doesn't speak for them or, we hope, for very many of his colleagues today.

Do the foreign service officers in Washington feel no sense of solidarity, if not with our soldiers, at least with Ambassador Ryan Crocker and their colleagues serving in Baghdad?

Still: What has happened to any sense of decency and propriety when a senior foreign service officer can say such a thing in public? Or when the State Department countenances a meeting that invites such a public display of petulance? Do the foreign service officers in Washington feel no sense of solidarity, if not with our soldiers, at least with Ambassador Ryan Crocker and their colleagues serving in Baghdad? Serving in Iraq is hazardous duty. It seems that three State Department employees have died there since 2004, among some 1,500 who have served or are now serving in Iraq.

At the same time, more State Department employees have been killed by al Qaeda and allied groups outside Iraq, in East Africa and Jordan and elsewhere, in recent years. Does their sacrifice count for nothing? Is the State Department not also involved in fighting these brutal terrorists? Are timidity and grievance-mongering appropriate for senior U.S. government officials engaged in the conduct of the nation's foreign policy?

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It's certainly the prerogative of government employees not to "believe in what's going on over there." But until they resign, they are still supposed to help carry out U.S. government policy. How many other parts of the executive branch don't believe we're at war or are quietly refusing to help the war effort? We know about the CIA leaks that have gushed from Langley the last few years with the express aim of wounding the administration. We also know that parts of the Pentagon want to abandon Iraq so they can return to their preferred terrain of orderly rotations, procuring new hardware, and preparing for World War Whatever with China or some other great power.

History will someday view President Bush's steadfastness in pursuing an unpopular war, and his courage in (finally) finding the right generals and the right strategy, as an admirable example of presidential leadership. The latest numbers out of Iraq have confirmed the extraordinary progress of recent months—the kind of progress that many, not only in the media and Congress, but also in the State Department and the Pentagon, all but insisted was impossible mere months ago.

Still, it's a blemish on the president's record that he has never been able to get the whole government apparatus to pitch in on the war effort, or even to stop certain factions from undermining it. Last week, he complained that "some in Congress are behaving as if America is not at war." He was not wrong, but he bears some responsibility for this state of affairs. His administration was slow to beef up the military after 9/11, unwilling to revamp our intelligence and diplomatic establishments, and loath to give the American people a constructive way to assist the war effort beyond suggesting that they go shopping.

When George W. Bush is no longer a lightning rod, our nation will be grateful for the determination he showed in continuing the fight in Iraq long after most politicians would have declared victory and retreated. But there's no denying that the management record of our first MBA president leaves much to be desired. The Bush administration failed to insist on efforts throughout the government worthy of Sergeant Morley's team and of all our troops in the field.

The next president will inherit a situation in Iraq that will look much more promising than anyone thought possible a year ago. For this, we owe General Petraeus and his comrades-in-arms an enormous debt, as we do Ambassador Crocker and his diplomatic team. What the next president owes them is a government that is organized from top to bottom to support their efforts, to win the war in Iraq and beyond.

—William Kristol and Dean Barnett

Michael Ramirez

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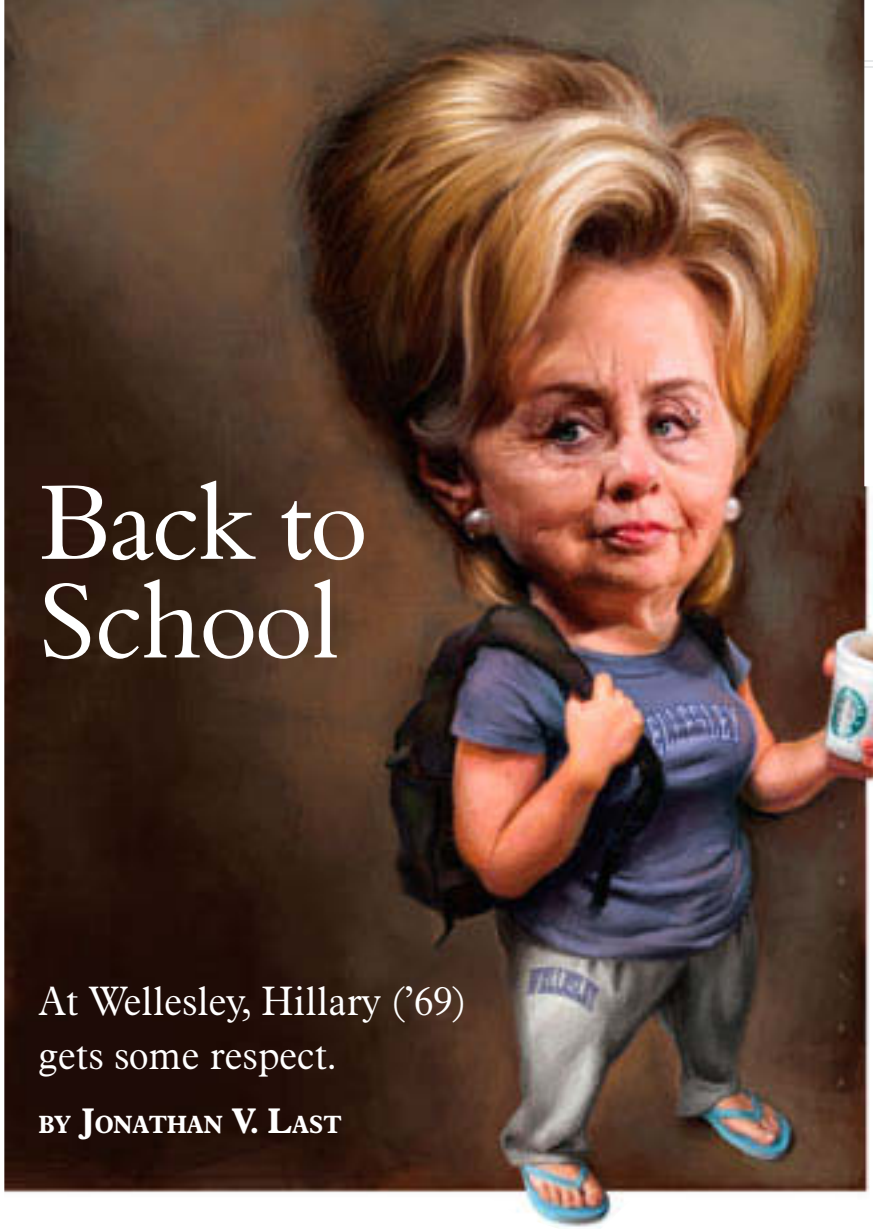

Back to School

At Wellesley, Hillary ('69) gets some respect.

BY JONATHAN V. LAST

Wellesley, Massachusetts

It was a tough week for Hillary Clinton trying to face down a Democratic field that had decided to go negative. She turned in a sub-par debate performance and then one of her donors suggested, on a high-profile conference call, that Tim Russert "should be shot."

But in the midst of the turmoil, her supporters remained unfazed. Kristin Ruben, a Wellesley sophomore majoring in geosciences, was camped out in front of Alumnae Hall at 5:45 in the morning last Thursday for the chance to see Clinton's 10:30 appearance. An early-morning passerby thought something might be wrong and asked Ruben if she was all right. Others began arriving around 7:30, and the line to greet Clinton in her triumphant return to her alma mater eventually topped a thousand, mostly young women, many wearing T-shirts proclaiming "I can be president too" and "Make History!" There was spontaneous clapping and cheering in the line, the Drexel debate both out of sight and out of mind. And really, who could blame them? With a Wellesley graduate running for president, there hasn't been this much excitement in feminism since Ani DiFranco and the Indigo Girls came to Washington in 2005 to lobby against private fuel storage.

It was, of course, not the first time Clinton had addressed the school. In 1969, young Hillary Rodham became the first student ever to speak at Wellesley's graduation, through a series of what with hindsight might be called Clintonian machinations. As she explains in her autobiography, *Living History*, her close friend Eleanor Acheson, granddaughter of Dean, decided that it was imperative that the school allow a student to speak. Acheson made her demand to Wellesley's president, Ruth Adams, who refused. Acheson declared "that if the request was denied, she would personally lead an effort to stage a counter-commencement. And, she added, she was confident her grandfather would attend."

Looking to play peacemaker, Clinton, who was then president of the student government, met with Adams, who said her chief concern was that she didn't know who the students would choose and whether that person could be trusted to act with decorum. Coincidentally, Clinton explained, the students had already chosen her. Following the grand tradition of college administrators the world over, Adams acquiesced.

Clinton's speech on May 31, 1969, is the stuff of legend at Wellesley—portions of it were quoted on T-shirts at the rally, and the candidate herself made reference to it several times. She wasn't quite as polished in those days:

> Within the context of a society that we perceive—now we can talk about reality, and I would like to talk about reality sometime, authentic reality, inauthentic reality, and what we have to accept of what we see—but our perception of it is that it hovers often between the possibility of disaster and the potentiality for imaginatively responding to men's needs. . . . If the experiment in human living doesn't work in this country, in this age, it's not going to work anywhere. But we also know that to be educated, the goal of it must be human liberation. A liberation enabling each of us to fulfill our capacity so as to be free to create within and around ourselves.

The speech brought her national recognition: television appearances, radio interviews, even notice in *Life* magazine. The coverage was almost universally fawning.

Jonathan V. Last is a staff writer at THE WEEKLY STANDARD.

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Clinton's remarks at Wellesley this time were more on-message. There was the usual anti-Bush diatribe—"[the president] has undermined women's rights and gay rights and appointed Supreme Court justices who've chipped away at reproductive rights, undermined equal pay, and turned back the clock on school integration." She rang the torture bell, warned about global warming, gave a shout-out to Al Gore, and proclaimed that "If George Bush doesn't end this war while he is president, when I am president, I will." It was pretty much the standard fare, though perhaps not as perfectly pro-withdrawal as the crowd might have preferred.

But she still wasn't entirely coherent. She claimed that "there is no military solution" for Iraq because of the tangle of tribal and sectarian rivalries there. Scarcely a minute later, she promised to commit troops to Darfur and Burma and to "create real consequences for anyone who continues the bloodshed or obstructs the peace process." The students applauded both sentiments with equal fervor.

Clinton also attacked Bush's profligate spending, charging that "he's run up our national debt to $9 trillion so every baby born today starts life with $30,000 dollars of debt on his or her tiny shoulders." She insisted that we must end this "reckless spending," but in the course of a brief speech pledged $50 billion for AIDS research, a $1 billion "Green Building Fund," and universal health care.

The only truly offensive moment came after Hillary lamented that in the wake of 9/11, President Bush asked Americans to go shopping. She talked about how America's youth had stepped up to the plate anyhow, with applications to Teach for America, AmeriCorps, and the Peace Corps soaring. She then mentioned a student-created sustainable food initiative at one local college, a benefit concert for Darfur put on at another, and a nearby university's attempt to cut water usage. Not mentioned were those who chose to actually fight for our nation by enlisting in the armed forces.

The revealing moment came late. "My generation," she admitted, "is in danger of being the first ever to leave America worse off than when we found it." Wellesley is certainly worse off than it was before the Class of '69 with its president, Hillary Rodham. Wellesley, like other serious, upper-crust women's colleges, used to be in the business of supervising its students both intellectually and socially. It had a core curriculum and rules of decorum—curfews, no boys in the dorms except on Sundays and, on those occasions, two out of four feet were to be kept on the floor with the door left open a crack. As Clinton explained in *Living History*, "We pressured the college administration to remove the *in loco parentis* regulations, which they finally did when I was college government President. That change coincided with the elimination of a required curriculum that students also deemed oppressive."

The result is a college where today girls can major in Peace and Justice Studies or Women's Studies. And the less said about the culture of sexual permissiveness that has been fostered at Wellesley and elsewhere, the better. Even Clinton seems to understand that her accomplishments at Wellesley might have had unpleasant, unintended consequences. "I'm not so sure that eliminating both course requirements and quasi-parental supervision represented unmitigated progress," she wrote in *Living History*. On Thursday, she played the overturning of the "two-foot rule" for laughs: "It's a rule that I and many of my classmates became actually nostalgic forwhen we had college-aged children of our own." In other words, she wants to take credit for being a student radical while at the same time hinting that as president she won't do for America what she did for Wellesley.

It's the same circle she's trying to square in her campaign: to convince liberal Democrats that she's one of them while she reassures moderates that she understands how the real world works. So far, both groups seem to believe her. ♦

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The Republicans Have a Chance

If they clear four hurdles.

BY FRED BARNES

Republicans, though still traumatized by their resounding defeat in the 2006 election, are growing convinced they can win the White House again in 2008. They believe things are beginning to turn their way. The war in Iraq is being won. The Democratic Congress is so unpopular that even House Speaker Nancy Pelosi says she disapproves of it. The economy, despite the subprime mortgage problem, is resilient. And several issues are emerging in their favor—taxes, national security, and illegal immigrants.

Best of all, Hillary Clinton is the likeliest Democratic presidential nominee. She has one quality Republicans appreciate: She unites Republicans everywhere in furious opposition as no other Democrat does. John Edwards, correct for once, told Clinton in last week's Democratic presidential debate that Republicans "keep bringing you up" not because she's a strong candidate but because "they may actually want to run against you." That's exactly what Republicans want. They think she's highly beatable.

Having Clinton as their foe, however, won't be sufficient for Republicans to hold the presidency in 2008. There are (at least) four political problems they must deal with successfully to win—problems that aren't on the front burner except at Republican headquarters in Washington.

Here are the four:

Hispanics. President Bush won 40 percent of the growing Hispanic vote in 2004, but Republican candidates got roughly 30 percent in the 2006 midterm election. And practically everything Republicans have done since then has tended to alienate Hispanics.

So likable: Ohio governor Terry Strickland

ASSOCIATED PRESS

Defeat of the immigration reform bill earlier this year, with its pathway to citizenship for illegal immigrants in the United States, troubled many Hispanics. While Republicans weren't solely responsible for killing the bill, they claimed the credit. This fall, Republicans have stressed the less divisive issues of denying driver's licenses and in-state college tuition to illegals.

A massive repair job is needed if Republicans hope to regain support among Hispanics. This is critical. Bush defeated John Kerry by 2.4 percentage points in 2004. If Bush's Hispanic backing had been cut in half, he might have lost. And that's what Republicans are threatened with in 2008—getting half of Bush's vote.

Ohio. Richard Nixon was famous for saying Ohio is the key to winning the White House. No Republican president has ever been elected without winning Ohio. Republicans lost the governorship, a Senate seat, and a House seat in 2006, and three Republican House members are retiring in 2008. The Republicans have slightly less than a 50 percent chance in Ohio next year.

The good news is that Ohio Republicans are prepared to fight. "The negativity against Republicans isn't anything like it was in 2006," Ohio Republican congressman Pat Teaberry says. Unpopular governor Bob Taft III is gone, as is the corruption issue. Ohio Republicans have a solid voter turnout infrastructure that saved House members Steve Chabot and Deborah Pryce last year. They'll need it in 2008.

Ohio Republicans relish the idea of running against Hillary Clinton. But what if she chose Ted Strickland, Ohio's likable Democratic governor, as her running mate? He's a bit of a lightweight, but he's also begun rebuilding the Democratic party in the state. "I don't know what [Strickland] brings you except Ohio," says Teaberry. Ohio is enough.

Turnout. Republicans in most states are not as well equipped as they are in Ohio. That's why the volunteer effort organized in 2004 by Ken Mehlman, Bush's campaign manager, was so important. The Bush campaign signed up several million volunteers, and they more

Fred Barnes is executive editor of THE WEEKLY STANDARD.

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than offset the paid Democratic election workers.

Here's the rub in 2008. A significant (but unknowable) percentage of the Bush workers volunteered because of their strong commitment to George W. Bush. It's doubtful the 2008 Republican nominee will stir that large and zealous an army of volunteers. Democrats, however, can repeat in 2008 what their turnout effort achieved in 2004—that is, the biggest Democratic vote ever. All it takes is money. And the coterie of rich donors who funded the 2004 effort, technically "independent" of the Democratic party and the John Kerry campaign, appear ready to spend millions again.

Bush. Never in modern times has a president who retired with a low approval rating been followed in office by a member of his own party. Recall who came after Harry Truman and Lyndon Johnson. Even popular presidents—Dwight Eisenhower, Bill Clinton—aren't automatically succeeded by fellow party members.

It's true the 2008 election won't be a referendum on the Bush administration. None of the four leading Republican candidates is close to Bush, much less a strong defender. But at 35 percent approval in the latest Fox News poll, Bush could still be a drag on the ticket. At 45 percent, he wouldn't be.

Bush will get a boost from improved conditions in Iraq, assuming progress continues, and from the withdrawal of thousands of American troops. Winning fights with congressional Democrats may help, or may not. Bush needs what political consultant Sig Rogich calls a "moment," an unplanned act that causes people to see someone in a different light. These are rare, but Bush experienced one after 9/11 when he climbed a pile of rubble at Ground Zero with a bullhorn.

None of these problems is insurmountable, though attracting Hispanic voters will be especially difficult. But a year from now, Republican prospects could be considerably brighter. The biggest prize, the White House, could be well within reach. But it won't be easy. ♦

Innocent Abroad

End of the Karen Hughes era.

BY STEPHEN F. HAYES

At a concert in Kansas City in June, a singer from the popular Los Angeles-based multicultural band Ozomatli fired up the crowd the way he knew best. The band was created at a pro-labor rally in the 1990s, and one band member is fond of wearing a "Dumb and Dumber" T-shirt featuring pictures of George W. Bush and his father. If you've been to any of the large antiwar rallies across the country over the past several years, chances are good that you've seen Ozomatli perform.

"Let's give a message to George W. Bush!" shouted Jabu Smith-Freeman, extending his middle finger. The crowd responded, according to one witness, with a "sea of middle fingers" and "deafening cheers."

Two months later, Ozomatli was touring the Middle East, its members "cultural ambassadors" from the State Department on a trip financed by U.S. taxpayers. CNN diplomatic correspondent Zain Verjee reported that the members of the band are "no fans of the U.S." and, as such, make "unlikely diplomats" on a mission to improve the image of America overseas.

Maybe. Or maybe they're a lot like the many real diplomats who, charged with promoting a U.S. foreign policy they disagree with, instead choose to undermine it. When reporters in India asked the band about their political views, the musicians did not hold back. The State Department did nothing to discourage them. "There were funny guidelines that were a joke," said band member Raul Pacheco. "You can do anything you want, but just don't burn Bush in effigy."

Pacheco continued: "We're walking around the pyramids, and this guy just came up to me and said, 'Where are you from?'"

"I'm from Los Angeles," the musician responded.

"I love Americans! But I can't stand your government!"

"And you know what? All of a sudden it opened up a dialogue!"

Karen Hughes boasted about this diplomatic breakthrough in an online chat just days before she resigned as undersecretary of state for public diplomacy and public affairs last week.

"We believe music is a universal language, so we send everything from jazz to country western musicians to perform around the world—recently a group called Ozomatli, which describes its music as Latino-Asian fusion funk, performed in Cairo, Amman and Tunis, drew huge crowds, and delivered a message that our differences can enrich rather than divide us."

There you have it. Ozomatli. Uniters, not dividers. You hate our government? We do, too!

All of which might prompt someone—say, the president—to ask: Just why are we spending our money this way? And what is public diplomacy, anyway?

As luck would have it, Hughes got this as the first question in her chat. "This is a great question to get us started! 'Public diplomacy' is an umbrella term for the many ways that our government reaches out to engage and inform people around the world about our country, our values and our policies. I like to say that the initials—PD—remind us that public diplomacy is people-driven."

She later added: "I call this work 'waging peace' because I believe public diplomacy builds the mutual

GARY LOCKE

Stephen F. Hayes is a senior writer at THE WEEKLY STANDARD.

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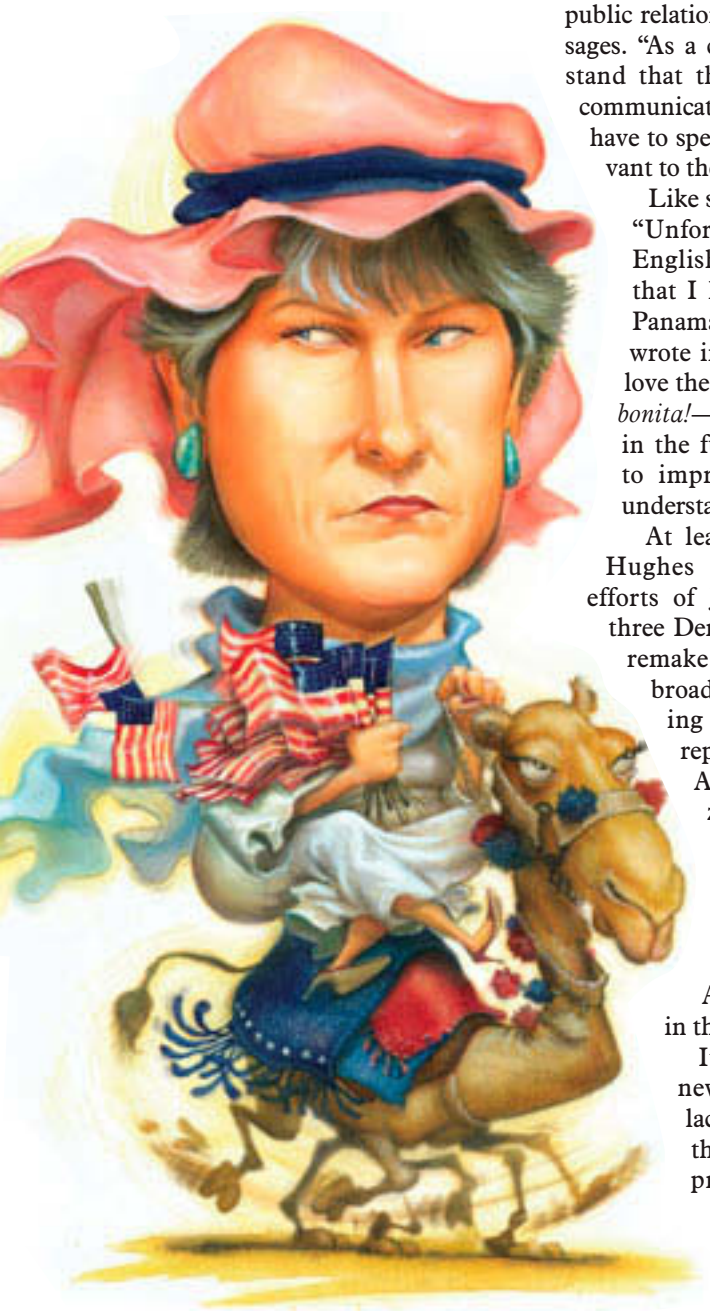
respect and understanding that is so urgently needed in today's diverse and global world." No better way to engage and inform people around the world about our policies, apparently, than to dispatch emissaries who will trash those policies rather than explain them. And no better way to gain the respect of those who criticize the United States than to show them that they are not alone.

Hughes came to the State Department in 2005. Her job would include oversight of the Broadcasting Board of Governors (BBG), the entity that coordinates all government-financed overseas broadcasting. Her particular emphasis would be the greater Middle East.



A former television reporter, she had gotten to know George W. Bush in Texas and became one of his closest advisers. Despite her lack of experience in public diplomacy, Hughes agreed to take the job because she believed her communications skills could help repair America's image around the world. In short order, the global war of ideas would become a public relations fight, a battle of messages. "As a communicator I understand that the way that you really communicate with people is that you have to speak in ways that are relevant to their lives," she would say.

Like speaking their language? "Unfortunately, I only speak English and a little Spanish that I learned while living in Panama as a young girl," she wrote in her chat last week. "I love the Spanish language—*Que bonita!*—and one of my goals in the future is to take lessons to improve my speaking and understanding."

At least she was consistent. Hughes quietly endorsed the efforts of Joaquin Blaya, one of three Democrats on the BBG, to remake parts of U.S. overseas broadcasting. She said nothing when Blaya moved to replace Mouafac Harb, an Arabic-speaking U.S. citizen, with Larry Register, a former CNN producer with no Arabic, as head of Al Hurra, the U.S.-funded television network that broadcasts in Arabic into 22 countries in the Middle East.

It would be Register's news judgment—not his lack of language ability—that would turn out to be problematic. Under his direction, and ultimately Karen Hughes's, Al Hurra broadcast live a speech by Hezbollah leader Sheikh Hassan Nasrallah. And as the *Wall Street Journal* reported, at least some of Al Hurra's coverage of a Holocaust conference in Iran presented the slaughter of 6 million Jews as a matter of opinion. Some people believe there was a Holocaust, others do not. They report. You decide.

For a communicator, Hughes has shown a strange propensity for saying the wrong thing. She has bungled explanations of basic U.S. history and unwittingly insulted her audiences by talking down to them. According to a biography of Condoleezza Rice written by *Washington Post* reporter Glenn Kessler, when Hughes met with top aides to Palestinian leader Mahmoud Abbas, "she shocked them by indicating that until she visited the Middle East she didn't realize there was so much interest in the Palestinian cause in the Arab street." On a trip to Prague in June 2006, when Hughes sat down for an interview with a reporter from Radio Free Europe/Radio Liberty, she was asked about anti-American rioting in Afghanistan. She downplayed anger with the United States and blamed the unrest on "bad crowd dynamics."

On that same trip, Hughes attended a dinner at the U.S. ambassador's residence in Prague, where the distinguished group heard from Vintsuk Viachorka, an opposition leader from Belarus. Viachorka's speech was spellbinding, inspirational. "He was a real intellectual, but also a real guy, if that makes sense," says one person who saw him. "He is endowed with intellectual gifts and gave a wonderful speech about his own life—in and out of prison—and human freedom. He was so impressive, your heart leapt."

Viachorka finished, acknowledged the enthusiastic applause of those gathered to hear him, and walked back to his table. Hughes reached out to him as he passed her table and whispered her congratulations.

"Nice speech," she said. "Great message."

Public diplomacy. People-driven. ♦

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Reconcilable Differences

The Iraqi parliament behaves like a bunch of politicians. BY FREDERICK W. KAGAN

How much does it matter that the Iraqi parliament has not yet passed an oil law? According to war critics, it is the only thing that matters: Iraqis' failure to complete "reconciliation" by passing "benchmark" legislation as required by Washington is evidence not only that the current strategy has failed, but also that any strategy will fail and the United States should simply leave now. Underlying this argument is the belief that a stable peace in Iraq can occur only after the Iraqis have worked out their own basic problems. This is a remarkably unrealistic claim.

The suggestion is that American forces must keep fighting in Iraq until the Arabs and Kurds have put aside their differences, resolved their internal tensions, and started singing "kumbaya" in Arabic. But even the president's most ambitious aims involved only establishing a stable and peaceful democracy in Iraq—which is very different from resolving all tensions, as anyone who knows anything about democracy can tell you. For the United States, reconciliation should mean persuading the peoples of Iraq to address their problems and power struggles peacefully, through a political process rather than through violence, and to reject and oppose those who seek to use force to gain leverage in the political process. That is exactly what we are now in the midst of doing.

To this day, not all outstanding political tensions have been resolved in Northern Ireland, Bosnia, or Kosovo, yet the civil wars and terrorist campaigns that once threatened to engulf those places have ended, and the competing factions are pursuing their agendas primarily by peaceful political means. After our own Civil War, Robert E. Lee's surrender at Appomattox Court House did not coincide with the resolution of the slavery problem, much less the racial problem generally. Violence and terrorism at the hands of the Ku Klux Klan and similar organizations continued to disrupt America's peace for decades—and are not unheard of to this day.

Balancing racial, ethnic, religious, and even regional tensions continues to be part of every national political campaign in the United States. Rather than being settled once and for all, core issues are addressed through politics, and the accompanying violence is limited and infrequent enough that police can handle it. If the standard for a successful end to the American Civil War had been passage of legislation that satisfied all parties, then the war would have been judged a failure. By that standard, even the civil rights legislation of the 1960s hasn't brought complete and final success. But achievement of perfect harmony was not the standard for the United States, and it should not be the standard for Iraq.

Iraqis, like the people of almost any modern state, are engaged in power struggles. Hitherto these struggles have been pursued largely by violence that has destabilized the country and threatened to destabilize the region. In particular, it has created an opportunity for al Qaeda and Iran to establish themselves in Iraq, either directly or through proxies. We are fighting to bring the violence under control as a means of driving al Qaeda and Iranian agents and proxies out of Iraq and keeping them out. Our aim is to create a stable government in Iraq that is able to govern its own people and drive violence down to a manageable level.

We have been remarkably successful in 2007 in reducing violence in Iraq. According to Lieutenant General Ray Odierno, the operational commander of U.S. forces in Iraq, enemy attacks are at their lowest since January 2006 and continue to drop. There has been a 60 percent decrease in IED attacks in the past four months. The reduction in violence is partly a result of the presence of additional American forces and their adoption of a sound counterinsurgency strategy. This has allowed Iraqis to turn against al Qaeda and the Baathist insurgents and form their own local defense groups in concert with the Iraqi government. It even appears to have encouraged some Shias to turn against the Shia militias. Also driving these trends are the Iraqis' rejection of al Qaeda's ideology and, more profoundly, their exhaustion with the struggle—a key development in the winding down of any violent internal conflict. What these positive developments do not reflect is any expectation that Iraq's internal tensions can be quickly or comprehensively resolved. Nor do Sunni Arab tribesmen coming over to the coalition side ask when an oil law will be passed. They ask whether we will continue to help protect them.

As the violence recedes, leaders in all the contending Iraqi communities will naturally seek to address their internal differences. Our interest in the outcome is limited: As long as the Iraqis are committed to the principle of resolving their differences through a political process rather than violence, and as long as any settlement they reach is sufficiently fair so as not to reignite the violence, then our interests will have been secured. The Iraqis can continue to debate the oil law, provincial rights, federalism, and

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so on for decades (as Americans have debated civil rights, Social Security, immigration, health care, and states rights) with no harm to our interests, assuming their debates are channeled through a political process. And this is almost certainly what will happen. Even if the current Iraqi parliament passed all the benchmark legislation Americans desire tomorrow, Iraqis would continue to debate, argue, adjust, and press for reforms on these key issues, probably for generations. That is what a self-governing people does.

We therefore made an enormous mistake—one in which the Bush administration was complicit when it promulgated the benchmarks in 2006—by defining success as the resolution of Iraq's internal problems, rather than as the creation of a political system within which Iraqis could pursue their struggles peacefully.

Many believe that as long as major grievances remain, violence will persist. More likely, a point will be reached where contending groups are convinced that they will suffer more than they will benefit from resorting to force. At that point, political players will either moderate their objectives or find ways of pursuing them peacefully, or both. Which is what is happening among Iraq's Sunni Arabs today. Where previously Sunni hotheads believed that an alliance with terrorists would give them the leverage to insist upon a maximalist political solution, now local leaders, including leading sheikhs, recognize that the violence is hurting them far more than it is helping them, and that they must reduce their demands and find peaceful ways to pursue them.

There is still a long way to go. Shia extremists inside and outside the government continue to see force as a way to change the situation in their favor and so shape the ultimate political contest to suit them. The danger remains that these extremists will antagonize the Sunnis into renewed violence. More likely, outside actors with an interest in stirring trouble in Iraq will find their footing once again and either prevent the situation from stabilizing or destabilize it once it has.

No doubt the difficulty of resolving political issues will also seem to some extremists an opening to gain leverage by use of force. There are likely to be spikes in violence in the coming years, as outside actors and hardcore extremists maneuver and resist final defeat. The passage of legislation now would not change that. Any meaningful legislation would be a product of compromise, and it is the nature of extremists to reject compromise.

What matters more than any benchmark laws, then, is whether Iraqis believe they must work to resolve their differences through a political process and that they cannot resort to force because doing so would hurt their cause. That is the essence of the reconciliation we seek. The acceptance of a political process as the only legitimate means of resolving internal differences cannot be measured by any legislative checklist, but it is the measure that actually counts. ♦

No Ideologue Left Behind

The American Association of University Professors defends indoctrination. BY DAVID HOROWITZ

In its latest response to complaints about the politicization of higher education, the American Association of University Professors has embraced a novel view: "It is not indoctrination for professors to expect students to comprehend ideas and apply knowledge that is accepted as true within a relevant discipline." Under this precept, put forth in the AAUP's recent report "Freedom in the Classroom," teachers are no longer held to standards of "scholarly" or "scientific" or "intellectually responsible" discourse, but to whatever is "accepted as true within a relevant discipline." With this formulation, the AAUP jettisons the traditional understanding of what constitutes a liberal education and ratifies a transformation of the university that is already well advanced.

Since the 1960s, many newly minted academic disciplines have appeared that are the result not of scholarship or scientific developments but of political pressures brought to bear by ideological sects. The discipline of Women's Studies, the most important of these new fields, freely acknowledges its origins in a political movement and defines its educational mission in political terms. The preamble to the Constitution of the National Women's Studies Association proclaims:

> Women's Studies owes its existence to the movement for the liberation of women; the feminist movement exists because women are oppressed. Women's studies, diverse as its components are, has at its best shared a vision of a world free not only from sexism but also from racism, class-bias, ageism, heterosexual bias—from all the ideologies and institutions that have consciously or unconsciously oppressed and exploited some for the advantage of others. . . . Women's Studies, then, is equipping women not only to enter society as whole, as productive human beings, but to transform the world to one that will be free of all oppression.

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This is the statement of a political cause not a program of scholarly inquiry.

The AAUP has issued its defense of indoctrination fully cognizant of the fact that these new academic disciplines view their mission as using the classroom to instill an ideology in their students. These programs include, in addition to Women's Studies, African American Studies, Peace Studies, Cultural Studies, Chicano Studies, Gay Lesbian Studies, Post-Colonial Studies, Whiteness Studies, Communications Studies, Community Studies, and recently politicized disciplines such as Cultural Anthropology and Sociology. At the University of California Santa Cruz, the Women's Studies department has actually renamed itself the "Department of Feminist Studies" to signify that it is a political training facility. It has done so without a word of complaint or caution from university administrators or the AAUP.

Under the AAUP's new doctrine, these sectarian creeds are shielded from scrutiny by the scientific method. In the new dispensation, political control of a discipline is an adequate basis for closing off critical debate. The idea that political power can establish "truth" is a conception so contrary to the intellectual foundations of the modern research university that the AAUP committee could not state it so baldly. Hence the disingenuous compromise of "truth within a relevant discipline."

Some years ago, Robert Post of Yale, a member of the AAUP subcommittee that drafted the report, summarized the principles that have informed university governance for nearly a century. A "key premise" of the AAUP's classic 1915 "Declaration of Principles on Academic Freedom and Tenure," Post wrote, "is that faculty should be regarded as professional experts in the production of knowledge." Post explains, "The mission of the university defended by the 'Declaration' depends on a particular theory of knowledge. The 'Declaration' presupposes not only that knowledge exists and can be articulated by scholars, but also that it is advanced through the free application of highly disciplined forms of inquiry, which correspond roughly to what [philosopher] Charles Peirce once called 'the method of science' as opposed to the 'method of authority.'"

The method of authority is precisely the method now recommended by the AAUP—the authority of the discipline. Virtually every Women's Studies department throughout the university system teaches a curriculum premised on the controversial thesis that gender is "socially constructed." Women's Studies presents and explores this doctrinal claim as though it were an established truth, and students in Women's Studies are expected to apply it as knowledge.

Estelle Freedman, co-founder of Stanford University's Feminist Studies program, 1984

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The social construction of gender, however, is merely academic nomenclature for the primacy of nurture over nature, an idea that is essential to an ideological movement—radical feminism—that proposes the use of political means to reshape social relations. But the claim itself is contested. It is contested by the findings of modern neuroscience, and evolutionary psychology, and biology (as readers of Steven Pinker's *The Blank Slate* know). To force students to accept as true a doctrine that is controversial among biological scientists is precisely what is meant by indoctrination.

At the time its report was finalized, a new edition of the AAUP's official journal, *Academe*, featured two articles defending the feminist indoctrination of university students. The first was "Impassioned Teaching," by AAUP chapter president Pamela Caughie, head of the Women's Studies department at Loyola University. Caughie wrote: "I feel I am doing my job well when students become practitioners of feminist analysis and committed to feminist politics." This is the attitude of a missionary seeking to ground her students in feminist dogma, not a professor seeking to educate them about women. In the second article, Professor Julie Kilmer of Olivet College describes the need to publicly expose and intimidate students who "resist" such indoctrination and suggests how to do this. The publication of two such articles can hardly be regarded as coincidental. It reveals the slope on which the AAUP now finds itself.

It is a slope slippery in more ways than one. The doctrine of "truth within a relevant discipline" opens the university to political factions. Suppose antagonists of Darwin's theory of evolution were to establish the academic field of Intelligent Design Studies. What academic principle would prevent them from teaching their contested theories as truth? The same would apply to 9/11 conspiracy theorists, or animal rights activists, or racists—in fact, to any ideology that was able to take control of a university department and structure its curriculum as a new academic "discipline."

Some defenders of the AAUP's position say indoctrination is not really indoctrination if the student can object to a professor's classroom advo-

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cacy without fear of reprisal. But how would students know that there was no penalty for refusing to embrace a professor's political assumptions? How would they deal with Professor Kilmer's threats to "expose" them and break down their "resistance" or with the pressure implicit in Caughie's "impassioned teaching"?

Even the very term "impassioned teaching" is a significant departure from an older understanding of higher education. The AAUP's 1940 statement on academic freedom, which is part of the template of most modern universities, states that scholars and educators should be "restrained" rather than impassioned, and should show appropriate respect for divergent views: "As scholars and educational officers, . . . [professors] should at all times be accurate, should exercise appropriate restraint [and] should show respect for the opinions of others."

Under the old guidelines, professors had an obligation to hold back their ardor, to teach students to be skeptical, to assess the evidence, to respect opposing views, and to support the pluralism of ideas on which democratic culture rests. It was their professional duty to provide students with materials that would allow them to weigh more than one side of controversial issues, and so learn to think intelligently and to think for themselves. It is that central purpose of the university that the AAUP would now betray. ♦

The Next Putintate

To follow the Russian elections, follow the money.

BY DANIEL KIMMAGE & DMITRY SIDOROV

Russians will go to the polls to elect a new president in March 2008, Americans in November, and in both countries the media frenzy is in full swing. But there the similarity ends. In today's polarized America, the election is about policy—Iraq, health care, the culture wars. In Russia, it's about property, and how Vladimir Putin's anointed successor will secure or divide it. The American elite is publicly active and privately calm, for it keeps what it has earned no matter who becomes president. Meanwhile, the Russian elite is publicly mum and privately manic, for the fate of its gains, ill-gotten and otherwise, depends on the name of the coming czar.

A czar, of course, never comes alone. He comes with cronies, the cronies are always hungry, and the stakes at the trough could not be higher. The redistribution of property that followed Putin's ascent ran into the tens of billions of dollars. The very long list includes Mikhail Khodorkovsky's oil company, Yukos, nationalized in a hostile takeover; Vladimir Gusinsky's media empire, snapped up by a state-run company; Roman Abramovich's oil company, Sibneft, nationalized in a friendly takeover (with full payment to the owner); leading titanium manufacturer VSMPO-Avisma, swallowed by the state-run arms exporter; and, more recently, Mikhail Gutseriev's oil company, Russneft, currently under acquisition by Kremlin-friendly oligarch Oleg Deripaska, who has publicly promised to surrender it to the state if the Kremlin so much as asks.

Western companies are not immune. Heavy-handed Kremlin tactics recently forced TNK-BP and Shell to cede hefty stakes in Russian projects to state-controlled companies on less than favorable terms.

In the purely Russian game, the real stakes can be even higher. Gusinsky fled Russia after a few days in jail in 2001, and Gutseriev did the same this summer after prosecutors hit him with criminal charges and his son died in a mysterious car accident. Mikhail Khodorkovsky didn't just lose Yukos; he's serving eight years in a Siberian camp. By contrast, California-based Google is far removed from the shifting sands of Gazprom, Gusinsky, and Gutseriev, and its cofounder Sergey Brin, though born in Moscow, will hold on to his shares no matter who replaces Bush in the White House.

Russia's elections have had little to do with fairness and democracy. The single exception occurred when Boris Yeltsin first came to power in 1991. It is a poorly kept secret that the 1996 elections that gave him a second term were rigged: Many serious observers believe that Yeltsin might well have lost in a fair fight to Gennadii Zyuganov, head of the Communist party. But that would have been bad for "democracy," and Boris notched a win with a little help from friendly oligarchs. The West bit its tongue.

In 2008 the dice are loaded again. Now Putin is deciding whether he should stay or go. If he goes, as czar he anoints his successor (as Yeltsin anointed him). If he stays, his team will furnish the necessary window dressing, be it a constitutional referendum for another term or a *force majeure* maneuver.

Once the issue is settled, the Kremlin's mass-media propaganda machine will either burnish the image of the next president with endless imagery and spin, or tout the legitimacy of an extended reign for the current president. And sooner or later, the people of Russia will find out who they should vote for.

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This doesn't mean that the ballots will bear a single name. The procedure must look "democratic," or else it will be difficult to convince the "enemies" of Russia that the "21st-century energy superpower" obeys the rules of the civilized world.

But these seeming contenders will be bystanders, and they will know what their names are doing on the ballot. Their purpose will be to confer an appearance of legitimacy on the leader of the pack, and to ensure control over the country and its vast resources. This is the ultimate goal, and it trumps all other concerns about Russia's future.

There is, of course, a catch to a presidential election that is really a selection: Not everyone is satisfied with what they have; some want more. If a fight ensues, the combatants have no public venue to resolve their differences and no rules to prevent the losers from having to forfeit all. No one in Moscow forgets for a minute that the signature events of Putin's presidency were the dispossession and imprisonment of Mikhail Khodorkovsky, the effective nationalization of his oil company (along with major chunks of other "strategic" industries), and the now firmly established control of these vastly profitable and tasty morsels by a small cohort of Putin's friends and allies.

The sum total of property that slid from the control of one group to another under Putin is counted in the tens of billions of dollars, and all of it is up for grabs if a new czar assumes the throne. Small wonder Moscow's upper echelons don't have a lot of time for policy discussions these days.

So before reporters tie themselves in knots repeating Putin, Zubkov, Ivanov, Medvedev, Clinton, Giuliani, Obama, Romney, they should master two rules of thumb. First, an election that is about policy, especially in a country as large and powerful as the United States, concerns ordinary citizens and the international community. But it holds no terrors for the domestic elite—Google and Microsoft are not up for grabs. Second, a selection that is about property is a potential earthquake for the domestic elite, but will likely register no more than a tremor for ordinary citizens.

Former Russneft president Mikhail Gutseriev

DMITRY DUKHANIN / AFP / GETTY IMAGES

For everyone outside Moscow's most moneyed milieu, it hardly matters who the next czar is. Russia's hostile policy towards the West and the United States will stay in place, reforms will remain frozen, and the country's infant civil society will be placed in foster care for the foreseeable future. Russia has had its three chances over the last century and a half. Reforms at the beginning of the 20th century foundered in war and revolution, the Khrushchev thaw turned to mud under Brezhnev, and Yelstin's awkward attempt to bring democratic politics to millions has ended in a fight for property among billionaires.

The West was complicit in the failure of democracy in Russia in 1996, touting a roll with loaded dice as a victory for democracy. Now that the consequences are clear, what can be done? As it turns out, the West has more leverage than it thinks.

It all comes back to the fact that Russia's presidential election is about property. The lesson is simple: Follow the money. Russia has already signed on to a wide array of international obligations, such as G8 anticorruption initiatives. What's more, specific legislation, such as section 312 of the Patriot Act, which deals with "proceeds of foreign corruption," and European Union money-laundering directives on "politically exposed persons," are powerful tools for targeting the ill-gotten assets of corrupt officials and politically influential insiders.

These mechanisms can be used to great effect. The recent freezing of a mere $25 million in a Macau bank—chump change by international standards—did wonders for the North Korean regime's pliability in negotiations. Showboating ploys like calls to expel Russia from the G8 make infinitely less sense than quietly holding Russia to its G8 commitments, including anticorruption initiatives. The Putin elite, confident that gas and oil wealth guarantees it impunity, is pushing a host of anti-Western policies at home and abroad. A thoroughgoing check by Western governments of that elite's globalized financial interests might be surprisingly salutary.

The mercenary reality behind the Kremlin's electoral flimflam exposes the Putin regime's Achilles' heel. It's all about the money. Legitimate, effective mechanisms exist for sending Moscow the message that, while it may choose to disregard international norms, there are consequences. The only question is whether anyone in the West has the courage to use them. ♦

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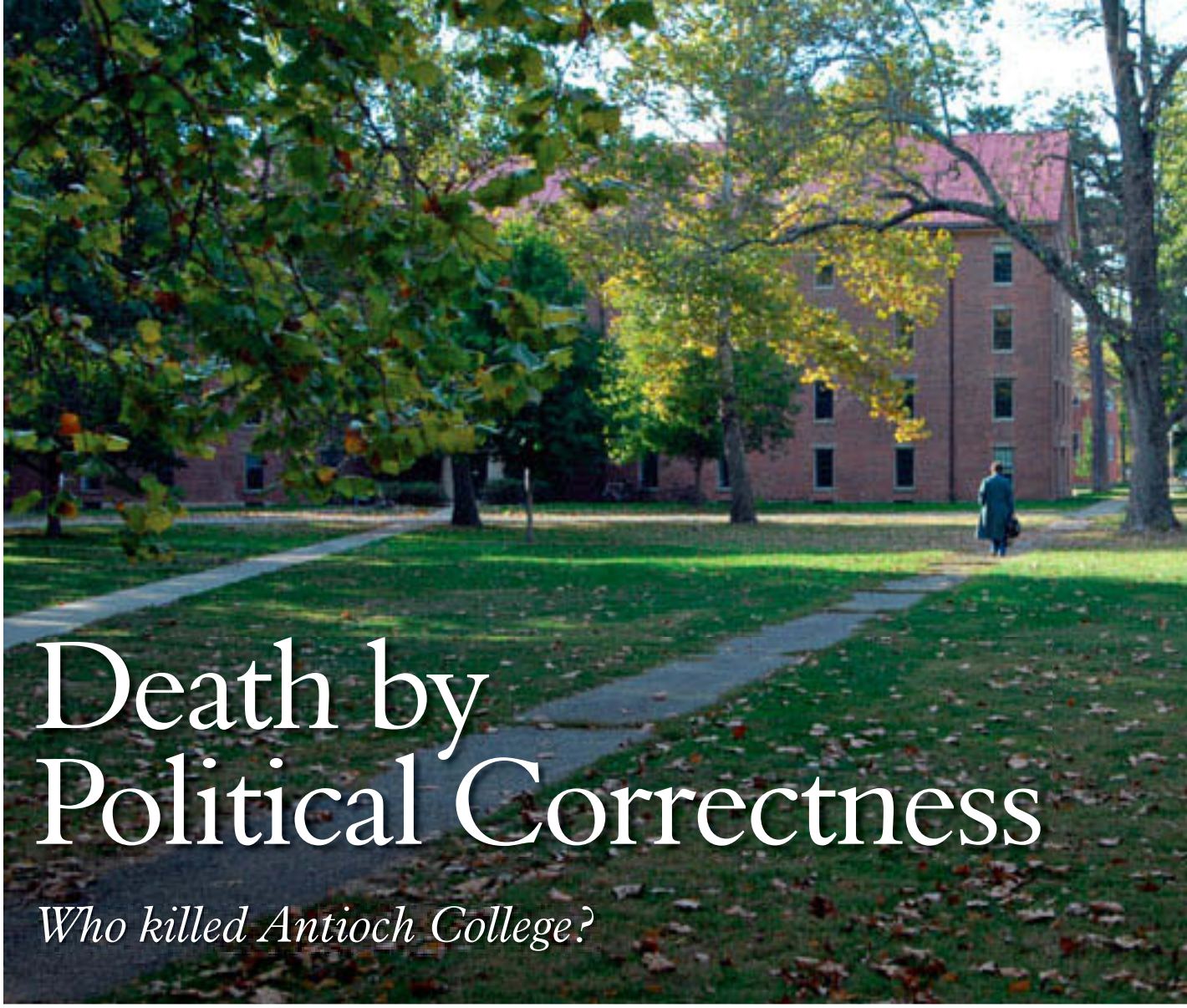

Death by Political Correctness

Who killed Antioch College?

By Charlotte Allen

Yellow Springs, Ohio

It is 9:30 on a sunny Monday morning in October, a time, day, and month when most college campuses bustle with activity: students hurrying to class or relaxing between classes on library steps or tree-covered lawns. Here, on the 200-acre campus of Antioch College, a 155-year-old liberal-arts institution best known nowadays for a campus culture that long ago drifted from the progressively liberal to the alarmingly radical (people still talk about the anti-date-rape policy that required a separate verbal consent for each step of an amorous encounter, famously parodied on *Saturday Night Live* in 1993), the phrase "bustling with activity" is not what comes to mind. What comes to mind is the neutron bomb.

There are plenty of trees on Antioch's historic campus in Yellow Springs, a town of 4,600 about 20 miles east of Dayton in rural southwestern Ohio—soaring oaks, walnuts, maples, and firs, many likely more than a century old. And there are plenty of buildings—dozens of residence halls and classroom facilities, along with a library that has seen better days and a turreted Victorian-era main building designed by James Renwick Jr., architect of the Smithsonian Institution's landmark castle in Washington, D.C., and St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York. As for Antioch students, however, there are none to be seen this morning, except for an occasional shadowy figure moving silently among distant trees like one of Ohio's long-vanished Miami Indians on a solitary hunt. A visitor to the campus might infer that ultra-radicalism doesn't sell, at

Charlotte Allen's coverage of higher education for The Weekly Standard *includes "Durham Bull: The Phony Duke Rape Case" and "Identity Politics Gone Wild: The Deaf Culture Wars at Gallaudet University."*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LEY NISNEVITCH / THE WEEKLY STANDARD

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least when the price is the nearly $40,000 per year it costs to attend Antioch College.

On June 9, 2007, the trustees of Antioch University, an adult-education offshoot of Antioch College that now dominates the college administratively, financially, and in terms of overall student population, announced that Antioch College would suspend operations on July 1, 2008, with a possibility of reopening in much-altered form in 2012, and that its entire faculty, including tenured professors, would be laid off. The reasons for the shutdown given by the trustees and by Tulisse Murdock, Antioch University's chancellor since 2005, were many: years and years of incurable deficits, this year totaling $2.6 million on an annual college budget of $18 million; an extraordinarily low endowment of just $36 million (neighboring Ohio liberal arts colleges Oberlin and Kenyon boast endowments of $700 million and $167 million respectively); and a chronically low student enrollment that topped 600 only once during the preceding 25 years (compare that with Oberlin's enrollment of nearly 2,900) and has declined precipitously since 2003. During the 2006-07 academic year, for example, only 330 full-time students were enrolled in Antioch's bachelor-of-arts and bachelor-of-science programs—once so highly regarded that Antioch could boast that it had more graduates who went on to obtain Ph.D.'s than any other college in the country. This fall, after news of the pending shutdown decimated the incoming freshman class, there are just 220 Antioch College undergraduates left. That represents a decline of almost 90 percent from the 2,000 or so young people who attended Antioch during its peak enrollment years of the 1960s and early 1970s.

Antioch's students, its faculty—whose numbers have also drastically shrunk (just 37 today, down from 140 during the early 1970s)—and many residents of Yellow Springs, a pleasant college town of handsome old houses and businesses that advertise their liberal-leaning, Antioch-friendly "green" and "fair trade" consciousness, are fighting to save the college, citing its long and illustrious history. Antioch's first president, in 1853, was the famous education reformer Horace Mann, and until things went bad, Antioch regularly turned out graduates who went on to become stellar public figures, writers, and scholars: Coretta Scott King, wife of civil rights leader Martin Luther King, paleontologist Stephen Jay Gould, anthropologist Clifford Geertz, *Twilight Zone* creator Rod Serling, the District of Columbia's Democratic congressional delegate Eleanor Holmes Norton, and, most recently in the news, Mario R. Capecchi, co-winner of the Nobel Prize in medicine and physiology for his work on embryonic stem cells in mice. (This was Antioch College's second Nobel; José Ramos-Horta, president of East Timor, who had received a master's degree in 1984 in a peace-studies program now incorporated into Antioch University, won the Peace Prize in 1996.)

A group of Antioch College's chronically lethargic alumni says it has rushed to raise $18 million in donations and pledges in a last-ditch plan to save the college, and at an emergency meeting of the university's trustees in Yellow Springs on October 25 presented a $100 million business plan (based on an aggressive five-year fundraising drive) designed to cure their alma mater's deficit, keep its doors open, and revive its attractiveness to high-school seniors. The trustees had been expected to issue a decision on October 27 whether to accept or reject the alumni plan, but they declined to do so, leaving Antioch College in an even more precarious state, given that autumn is the time when colleges and universities do their most aggressive recruiting and prospective high-school graduates start filling out their college application forms. Discussions among trustees and alumni were continuing on November 2, as this article went to press.

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Antioch College's declining fortunes and uncertain future are reflected everywhere you look on the Yellow Springs campus, which gives the impression of having been swept some years ago by a sudden and devastating plague. Campus plantings are mostly dead, dying, or choked with weeds (most of the maintenance staff was dismissed soon after the closing was announced in June, although a plumber and electrician who have yet to be laid off still manage to mow the lawns). The crumbling sidewalks leading from deserted Antioch building to deserted Antioch building resemble the ruins of Roman roads, with grass sprouting lushly from their numerous cracks, and the murky windows of an abandoned greenhouse display rows of withered plants. An inviting cluster of wooden benches outside a classroom building seats . . . no one at all. The fact that Antioch, nearly alone among U.S. private and public colleges, forbids journalists to roam the grounds or enter buildings without an officially designated escort adds to the general air of isolation and contamination. (Antioch says the minders are a holdover from the *Saturday Night Live* era, when reporters and television crews from all over the world flooded the campus in search of amusing sexual anecdotes, disrupting academic life.)

Antioch College no longer even has a president. The last holder of that office, Steven Lawry, a former Ford Foundation executive who assumed the helm in 2006, tendered his resignation as of December 2007 and then abruptly went on administrative leave at the end of August. Neither Lawry, contacted by telephone, nor anyone still at Antioch would comment on his hasty departure, but news stories in *Inside Higher Education* and the *Chronicle of Higher Education* suggest that Lawry, although popular with faculty and alumni, was for all intents and purposes fired by the university—and also banned permanently from the Yellow Springs campus—after a heated argument with Murdock that seemed to stem from his efforts to bypass the university hierarchy and contact the trustees on his own. One key plank of the alumni proposal to save Antioch College is to give the college its own board of trustees with the power to hire and fire presidents. Antioch College has not had its own board since Antioch University was formed in 1978 in a merger of the college with the adult-education campuses.

An archaeologist called upon to estimate just when the plague swept through—that is, when the college reached its peak of flourishing and then abruptly stopped—might come up with, say, the year 1965, judging from the vintage mid-century look of the brick-and-plate-glass "newer" buildings. Indeed, the college did then enjoy a sustained and impressive growth spurt and a frenzy of construction. The school, which had never enrolled more than 1,000 students in its history, nearly doubled in size from 1954 to 1964, and it continued to grow after that, reaching its all-time peak undergraduate population of 2,470 in 1972.

Even during the 1950s, Antioch had a reputation as a "beatnik college." It had phased out varsity sports starting in the 1920s (it had once fielded football and baseball teams) and historically eschewed fraternities and sororities. It had no dress code, unlike most colleges in those days, and students tended to be arty overachievers with avant-garde political views. Antioch's pioneering work-study program, called "co-operative education" (shortened to "co-op" and part of the curriculum to this day), and the college's practice of giving students a voice in its governance drew earnest, highly individualistic young people who liked the idea of obtaining real-world job experience, often in science labs or on archaeological digs but also in private businesses, when still in school, while also being able to take time off to enlist in political causes. During the heyday of the civil rights movement, for example, Antioch was famous for its students who traveled to southern states to help register black voters. A graduate student, Alan E. Guskin, later to become president of Antioch College and chancellor of Antioch University, formed a student organization in 1960 that inspired John F. Kennedy to set up the Peace Corps. The favorite campus entertainment on Friday nights was that *echt*-1950s bohemian pastime: folk-dancing.

Nonetheless, Antioch also had a reputation for academic rigor and was nearly as competitive in admissions as Harvard. It accepted only one out of four applicants (the average combined SAT scores of those who got in was 1350 in 1960), and students had to pass a stiff comprehensive examination at the end of their first year. Today that test is long gone; Antioch does not require its applicants even to submit their SAT scores, which are said to hover around 1075, and it admits a majority of those who apply. It was during the glory years of the 1950s and early 1960s that Antioch produced its most famous and distinguished graduates.

Although political views at Antioch might have tilted leftward even back then, the students of the 1950s and early-to-mid 1960s prided themselves on their willingness to hear out their more conservative classmates in lively all-night dorm discussions on politics and philosophy, inspired by professors who encouraged them to test all their assumptions against the evidence. "We were completely respectful of every point of view," recalled Rick Daily, a Denver lawyer who graduated from Antioch in 1968 and is treasurer of the alumni committee that is struggling to save the college from closure. "We even had a Goldwater Republican in our graduating class," Daily said in a telephone interview.

That was Antioch then. Antioch now might be fairly represented by a September 21 article in the student newspaper, the *Record*, consisting of a gloating account of the invasion by 40 gay and lesbian Antioch students (a full fifth of

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the current student body) of an evangelical Christian book-signing event at a Barnes & Noble store located in a mall in nearby Beavercreek, Ohio. *Record* reporter Marysia Walcerz described the hours-long "Gay Takeover," whose participants wore rainbow-tinted bandannas, ostentatiously held hands and kissed, and did their best to shock both authors and customers in this socially conservative sector of Ohio, as a "success . . . for direct action executed in style."

A July 20 article in the *Chronicle of Higher Education* by Ralph Keyes, author of the bestselling *Is There Life After High School?* and a 1967 graduate of Antioch who moved with his family back to Yellow Springs some 20 years ago, described similar adventures by Antioch students in the intimidation of people who do not share their views. Keyes took pains to reassure the *Chronicle*'s readers that he himself had been proudly "left-wing" as an Antioch student, but he also detailed a once-tolerant campus culture that had deteriorated since his student days into "insults, name-calling, and profanity." As Keyes described it (and others connected to the campus corroborate his observations), Antioch students regularly engaged, both inside and outside their classrooms, in the practice of "calling out" (public humiliation followed by social ostracism) their classmates for even the most trivial violations of an unwritten campus code of ideological propriety. One of the called-out was a Polish exchange student who had made the mistake of using the now-taboo word "Eskimos" instead of "Inuit" in reference to Alaskan aboriginals. Another called-out student had worn Nike sneakers, verboten among the radically sensitive because they are supposedly products of Indonesian sweatshop labor (the Nike-wearer was so demoralized by his treatment that he transferred). Keyes lamented what he called the "crack-house décor" of Antioch's student union, whose second floor features a 30-foot wall of student-painted graffiti with themes and language running the gamut from revolutionary to obscene. The Antioch school "uniform" for many students seems to consist of as many tattoos and piercings as the human dermis can hold (a tattoo parlor in downtown Yellow Springs looks designed to accommodate this student fashion statement).

Corridor art in Antioch's student union

Of the eight student organizations currently listed on Antioch's website, only one, the Antioch Environmental Group, is not focused on identity politics of one sort or other. The others are By Any Means Necessary for students of African descent, Unidad for Latinos, the Third World Alliance, Kehilla (formerly the Jew Crew) for Jews, two separate groups for gays and lesbians (the Queer Center and Queers of Color), and the Womyn's Center. (The spelling looks like another *Saturday Night Live* parody, but it is in fact the center's official orthography, although "wombmen" is also in current use on campus.) The only Antioch College students who do not have a campus organization listed in their name are white, heterosexual, non-Jewish males. Traditional college clubs centered around student interests—say, French or music or film or chess or debate—seem to be entirely lacking. Even the events featured for this fall's "Community Day" on October 16—an Antioch tradition in which classes are suspended to accommodate student hayrides and other social events—seemed obsessively focused on identity. The evening events, for example, consisted of a queer lecture followed by a queer movie followed by a dance to the music of a queer band—leaving one wondering what Antioch's non-queers were supposed to do with themselves.

You might call the current sad state of Antioch College death by political correctness. The rigorous academic programs that fostered Nobel laureates such as Capecchi are no more: Antioch scrapped its 40-odd traditional majors in 1996 in favor of eight vaguely delineated inter-

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disciplinary programs that allow the students themselves to design their courses of study. The civic activism of yore—registering African American voters, starting a proto-Peace Corps—gave way to in-your-face street theater at shopping malls. It has been a long, slow death, and it would be unfair (although certainly tempting) to blame the current crop of students for the pending demise of their alma mater. The blame might be more fairly placed on four decades of decisions made by Antioch College faculty and administrators in the name of keeping Antioch at the forefront of "progressive" academic fashion, which led inexorably to today's campus nearly bereft of students and treasury nearly bereft of funds.

The adults who could have and should have intervened to put a lid on the excesses of a culture created by 18- to 22-year-olds with little experience of the outside world in fact let that culture run untrammeled and amok, all in the name of Antioch's vaunted ideal of "community." The very existence of Antioch University, the chain of adult-education satellite campuses that morphed into Antioch College's parent institution during the 1990s and now threatens, Cronus-like, to devour its child, contains a bitter irony: The satellite campuses came into being 40 years ago because Antioch wanted to get in on a bit of late-1960s radical chic known as "bringing education to the streets."

Antioch's original standard curriculum, required of all students, would come as a shock to most of today's undergraduates: Latin, Greek, modern languages, and a stiff array of science courses.

Hard as it may be to believe, Antioch began its existence as a Christian college. Its founders belonged to a Second Great Awakening movement that called itself the "Christian Connexion" and eschewed the creeds of mainline churches in favor of what it viewed as a strictly Bible-based faith. Antioch College got its name from the city in ancient Syria that was an early center of New Testament Christianity. Antioch was one of the first coeducational colleges in the United States, among both students and faculty, and from the beginning it admitted black students. The standard curriculum, required of all students, would come as a shock to most of today's undergraduates: Latin, Greek, modern languages, and a stiff array of science courses. Antioch was actively involved in the abolitionist movement, and when the Civil War broke out, the college shut down temporarily so that students and professors could fight on the Union side.

Antioch's Christian affiliation did not last long. Horace Mann, who served as president from 1853 to his death in 1859, was a Unitarian, and he and a group of Unitarians on the board quickly turned Antioch into the secular institution that it remains to this day. Arthur Morgan, a professional engineer who served as Antioch's president from 1920 to 1936 and put Antioch's co-operative education system into place, had a Quaker wife for whom he built a Quaker chapel on campus. Antioch also maintained a campus chaplain until 1973, when the last person to hold that office, Al Denman, a Presbyterian minister, decided to leave both the ministry and the Presbyterian Church and become an Antioch philosophy and religion professor. The Jewish student group, Kehilla, and the Quakers who still worship at the meeting house constitute the only religious practice of any kind associated with the Antioch campus.

For the first seven decades of its existence, Antioch struggled, shutting down twice for lack of funds and seldom enrolling more than 200 students, often fewer than 100. Arthur Morgan and his co-operative system, modeled on engineers' training that combined theoretical learning with hands-on experience building bridges that wouldn't collapse, proved to be the galvanizing forces that turned Antioch's fortunes around in a fashion that looked to be permanent. During Morgan's first year in the presidency, enrollment at Antioch nearly doubled, from 203 students in 1920 to 393 in 1921; by 1923, it

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had risen another 50 percent, to 598, and it climbed more or less steadily after that, even during the Great Depression and World War II.

Antioch students, combining terms on campus with as many as five different "co-ops" (terms and summers spent at paying jobs arranged by the college) had to stretch their time as undergraduates to five years from the usual four. Antioch has since switched to a typical four-year matriculation with fewer co-ops, and the co-op idea is no longer quite what it was, since it competes with internships, service-learning, and other such opportunities for students. Back then, Antioch's co-ops not only allowed students to get out of rural Yellow Springs and into big cities for a few months but gave them the self-confidence of functioning on their own as adults capable of doing work for which someone else was willing to pay. The combination of liberal idealism and down-to-earth practicality appealed to many young people, and after the war, Antioch's enrollment continued to mount the growth trajectory that led to the spree of campus construction—1,122 students in 1955, 1,583 students in 1960, 1,851 students in 1965, and so forth—until a series of avoidable catastrophes struck during the late 1960s.

The first was Antioch's disastrous experiment with affirmative action. Armed with a grant from the Rockefeller Foundation, Antioch began in 1965 to recruit impoverished "high-risk students" from "high-risk schools"—which usually translated into black graduates of inner-city high schools who, unlike the middle-class, high-achieving blacks who had sat side by side with whites (albeit in very small numbers) in Antioch classrooms for nearly a century, were not prepared for college work. They were also not prepared for life in sleepy, artsy-craftsy Yellow Springs, or for coexistence with bookish, highly competitive classmates preparing for careers as physicists, lawyers, and doctors. Many of the Rockefeller students were older than the traditional college age, and some had children (Antioch obligingly provided them with free daycare). "There was a lot of tension," said Antioch's archivist, Scott Sanders, in a telephone interview, "and these were inner-city kids, so there was a certain amount of lawlessness. They brought skills to Antioch that they'd learned on the streets: fighting, drawing guns. There were specific instances of violence that were very alien to the other students."

While all this was going on, as alumnus Michael Goldfarb, a writer and former public radio correspondent who matriculated at Antioch in 1968, wrote in a recent *New York Times* op-ed piece, "Antioch created coeducational residence halls, with no adult supervision. Sex, drugs and rock 'n' roll became the rule, as you might imagine, and there was enormous peer pressure to be involved in all of them." Goldfarb described having a gun drawn on him in a drunken rage by "a couple of ex-cons whom one of my classmates, in the interest of breaking down class barriers, had invited to live with her."

The guiding spirit behind all the conflict—if "guiding" could be said to be the appropriate adjective—was Antioch's 15th president, James Payson Dixon, a 1939 graduate of Antioch whose 16-year reign, from 1959 to 1975, spanned both the college's apex in prestige and its nadir. Within two years of Dixon's departure, Antioch had lost half its student population after a devastating student strike in 1973 and was on the verge of bankruptcy. Dixon had been a focused and energetic administrator during his early years, but his philosophy during the late 1960s seemed to be "Whatever." By 1969 Antioch, under his direction, had abolished letter grades in favor of individualized written evaluations by professors (the idea in those anti-Vietnam war days was to help otherwise low-ranking students avoid the draft) and also abolished required freshman courses, a move that left some science professors complaining that their students were no longer prepared for advanced-level work.

Meanwhile, the number of black students subsidized by the Rockefeller program (which Antioch titled "New Directions") grew to constitute as much as 20 percent of the student body. After the assassination of Martin Luther King in April 1968, many of those students became actively separatist. The Black Panthers were role models for some, a development tacitly encouraged by Antioch itself, which contributed enthusiastically to legal defense funds for Panthers accused of murder and other crimes. Antioch's militant blacks demanded—and obtained from the ever-compliant Dixon administration—an all-black, no-whites-allowed dormitory that they named "Unity House, or "Nyambi Umoja" in Swahili. They also obtained a separate curriculum of all-black classes taught by Antioch professors and, at least for a while thanks to Dixon's compliance, control over Antioch's disbursement of the Rockefeller scholarships. During the spring of 1972 campus militants held captive for several hours a University of Pennsylvania administrator who had been offered the job of associate dean, in an effort to force Antioch to hire a black Marxist economist instead. Unity House eventually came a cropper when the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, which oversaw federal grants to colleges, ruled that the racially segregated residence hall violated the Civil Rights Act of 1964, but the all-black classes remained in place.

The Rockefeller money ran out in 1973, the same year the Nixon administration cut direct funding to colleges for student loans, so Antioch, which even then had a tiny endowment and depended on tuition for 85 percent of its revenues, terminated New Directions. That led directly to the student strike in the spring of 1973, precipitated by black

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militants who demanded that Antioch somehow continue to fund the program, and by a sizable number of Marxists among the white students, who saw the conflict as an opportunity for waging class warfare. There had been a series of strikes by Antioch employees seeking higher wages earlier that year, and Antioch's more radicalized students had sat on the employee picket lines. The new strike amounted to a student-enforced lockdown that shut down all campus operations for six weeks.

Anne Bohlen's Film Production I has two students. She had 10 last year.

Professors who tried to teach their classes on campus (some moved their classes to their homes) or even get into their campus offices were barred, threatened, and in one instance, maced by striking students. A fire "of a suspicious nature" (as Antioch put it) ravaged a dean's office, and there were several suspected firebombings of classroom buildings. The campus became piled with trash left *in situ* by sympathizing employees who refused to cross the student picket lines. Many other campuses had experienced student strikes during the turbulent late 1960s, but those strikes had typically been of short duration, terminated when the college presidents called in the police. Dixon, ever true to laid-back form, declined to involve law enforcement, and instead engaged in weeks of dithering and palavering with the demonstrators. The strike ended, in late May 1973, only after a group of students who wanted to graduate in June got a court injunction against the strikers. A few days later the local sheriff's department tore down the barricades the demonstrators had erected at Antioch's gates and opened up the campus.

Antioch never really recovered from those weeks of massive disruption, or from the irony that one of the most liberal-minded colleges in America had suffered one of the most devastating student protests in history. The revolution was televised, and all over the country high school students who had been accepted by or had considered applying to Antioch watched the pickets, barricades, fires, and mountains of refuse on the nightly news, as did parents who were expected to cover Antioch's tuition bills.

The year 1973 was chronologically late for student strikes, which had seemed cutting-edge on Ivy League campuses in 1968 and 1969, but had come to be regarded by most people as merely self-indulgent. When classes at Yellow Springs resumed that fall, 145 students had transferred elsewhere, and about 200 students in the expected freshman class failed to show up. So began years of a steadily declining student population. Antioch's enrollment last topped 1,000 in 1978, and 1990 was the last time it topped 600. Applications also dropped off dramatically; in 1974 fewer than half as many high school seniors applied to Antioch as in 1973. "Every year, fewer students came to Antioch," recalled Sanders, the archivist. Many faculty members left, too, disturbed by the administration's fecklessness during the strike or demoralized by what they perceived as Antioch's deteriorating academic and admissions standards as the college scrambled for bodies and tuition checks.

Further blotting the financial picture (the strike had cost Antioch more than $1 million in property damage and lost tuition and plunged the college into deficit) was another late-1960s, radicalism-friendly venture of Dixon's: the far-flung adult-education campuses that would become Antioch University. In 1963, seeking to bolster its handful of graduate programs, Antioch had purchased the Putney School, a slated-for-shuttering school in Vermont that survives today, after a move to Keene, N.H., as Antioch University New England. Later in the decade Dixon, with the enthusiastic backing of some Antioch faculty members, decided to get in on an academic fad known variously as the "university without walls" and the "bringing the university to the streets" movement. The idea was for Antioch College to set up branches designed to provide liberal-arts courses to "underserved" populations: adult working people

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in inner cities. It was a kind of outreach equivalent of New Directions.

Soon enough, Antioch professors were flocking to Philadelphia, Baltimore, San Francisco, and elsewhere to set up satellites, sometimes just because they wanted to get out of poky Yellow Springs. (It was always arguable whether, say, San Francisco, crammed with institutions of higher learning of every variety, could really be said to be "underserved.") In Washington, D.C., at the instigation of Edgar Cahn, a public-interest lawyer who had served as an aide to Robert F. Kennedy when the latter was attorney general, Antioch set up a "people's" law school designed for applicants who couldn't get into any other law school. The idea was to turn out social-justice activists as well as attorneys; students were required to spend their first two weeks, for example, learning about poverty by living with an impoverished Washington, D.C., family. By the mid-1970s the number of satellite Antioch campuses, called "learning centers," had blossomed to somewhere between 32 and 37 (no one at Antioch today knows the exact number). In 1978, the college and its congeries of satellites adopted the collective name of Antioch University; the president of the college was now the president of the university as well.

The strike in 1973 began a steady decline in student population. Antioch's enrollment last topped 1,000 in 1978, and 1990 was the last time it topped 600. Applications also dropped off suddenly and dramatically; in 1974 fewer than half as many high school seniors applied to Antioch as in 1973.

Extension campuses marketed to working adults are not unknown in higher education. Because they almost never grant scholarships, rely heavily on non-tenured and part-time faculty, and are not burdened with the overhead of dormitories and related facilities for young people, the satellites are expected to function as profit centers for their mother colleges. (Johns Hopkins University, for example, presides over a veritable empire of part-time business, creative writing, and other pay-as-you-go advanced-degree programs that trade on the prestigious Hopkins name.) The problem from the very beginning for the Antioch satellites, however, was that they were quite the opposite of profit centers. Impossible to supervise from Yellow Springs and frequently staffed by impractical idealists, the dozens of hastily opened satellites were money sinks. Many of Antioch's traditional professors resented the branch operations and their drain on a flagship campus that was already deteriorating physically and in terms of student quality. That was the beginning of the tension between Antioch College and Antioch University, and also the beginning of a certain amount of alienation among Antioch College alumni regarding their alma mater, alienation that translated into reduced giving. "We didn't like seeing our school split up," says Meg Rosenfeld, a class of 1969 alumna and veteran *Washington Post* reporter who is writing a book about Antioch. "We saw these things happening, and we didn't know what they were. So we started feeling disengaged."

By 1979, just six years after the strike, a debt- and deficit-beset Antioch could not make payroll and was on the verge of bankruptcy. In a wrangle over control of the law school, it had fired Cahn and his lawyer-wife, Jean Cahn, as administrators, and the couple had responded with a round of time- and money-consuming lawsuits. Back in Yellow Springs, Antioch worked out a deal with its creditors to pay them 25 cents on the dollar and officially laid off its professors, which allowed them to collect unemployment while continuing to teach their classes (they called the arrangement "payless paydays"). A new president, William Birenbaum, began a process of closing down or selling off all but four of the dozens of satellite campuses, including the law school, which had been bedeviled from the beginning by its graduates' lack of success in passing bar exams and the fact that even poverty-law professors want to make comfortable salaries. The law school was purchased by the University of the District of Columbia in 1986.

Yet another Antioch irony is that none of the four campuses deemed financially viable enough to escape the ax—Antioch University New England plus campuses in Seattle, Los Angeles, and Santa Barbara—is located in one of those inner cities to which professors had so eagerly sought to bring the benefits of liberal-arts education during the heady days of Dixon-generated expansion. Indeed, although the Seattle and California facilities offer bachelor's-degree completion programs to small numbers of part-time undergraduates, the four campuses today are mostly graduate schools with a vocational focus, offering advanced degrees in education, social work, psychological counseling, and other soft-edge fields congenial to the Antioch progressive ethos. Like the flagship campus in Yellow Springs, the other Antioch campuses eschew letter grades and hew to the Antioch "core values" of "social justice" and "diversity," in the words of Mary Lou LaPierre, Antioch University's vice chancellor for university advancement. "The Antioch DNA transferred," LaPierre said in a telephone interview from the Antioch University Seattle campus.

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The financial crisis of 1979 triggered a further drop in enrollment at Antioch College (as well as further departures of professors), but the Birenbaum-instigated budget cuts seemed to stabilize the Yellow Springs campus. Its student population remained at a more or less steady, if not especially healthy, 500 or so for more than two decades. The widely-publicized date-rape policy that catapulted Antioch onto *Saturday Night Live* and into nationwide ridicule in 1993 was a kind of object lesson in what can happen when demographic implosion (reducing the student body to its most radical core) unites with a *laissez-faire* administration philosophy that consists of giving even the most extreme factions everything they want. The extremists in this case consisted of a group of student feminists who called themselves "Womyn of Antioch" (a title that might have sent up a red flag to administrators elsewhere) and claimed to be reacting to two incidents of date rape on the Yellow Springs campus in 1991, which they said the administration had ignored. No Antioch students were ever charged with those offenses either formally or informally, much less found by a college tribunal to have committed them, much less prosecuted for any crime by outside authorities. Antioch's archivist Sanders said that the alleged rapes might have been more a matter of "perception" than reality. Nonetheless, when the Womyn "stormed" (the word comes from Antioch's website) an Antioch community meeting and insisted on pushing through the policy they had drafted regardless of parliamentary niceties, the administrators and faculty who were supposed to be on at least an equal footing with the students at those meetings, if not their superiors on the basis of maturity and experience, said, oh, okay.

The Womyn-drafted sexual-offense policy read: 'Verbal consent should be obtained with each new level of physical and/or sexual contact/conduct in any given interaction, regardless of who initiates it. The request for consent must be specific to each act.' One wag estimated that Antioch required a student seeking a home run in the baseball game of sex to ask for the consent of his beloved a total of 150 times.

The Womyn-drafted sexual-offense policy read: "Verbal consent should be obtained with each new level of physical and/or sexual contact/conduct in any given interaction, regardless of who initiates it. Asking 'Do you want to have sex with me?' is not enough. The request for consent must be specific to each act." The penalty for even being accused of failing to obtain consent for one of the "levels" was immediate expulsion without a hearing or any other rights. Not surprisingly, when word leaked out (it took a while) that Antioch's board of trustees had actually approved the policy and made it official, the reaction of the non-Antioch general public was . . . laughter all around. One wag estimated that Antioch required a student seeking a home run in the baseball game of sex to ask for the consent of his beloved a total of 150 times. A few years later, after much media mockery and several threatened legal challenges over the lack of due process, Antioch modified the policy to bring it into line with other colleges' procedures for handling accusations of date rape and related sexual offenses.

Meanwhile, Antioch's 17th president, Alan Guskin, who had succeeded Birenbaum in 1985, engineered a massive reorganization of the college-university governance structure in 1994 that reduced Antioch College from its position at the apex of the Antioch University pyramid to a mere subsidiary of the chain of campuses it had brought into being, all of which by then were breaking even (if just barely) financially and had higher enrollments than the college. Under Guskin's lead, the trustees created a new university position, chancellor, which was filled by Guskin. Antioch College got a new president, James E. Crowfoot, who reported to Guskin, and the other four campuses got their own presidents as well. In another move that led some to accuse Guskin of empire-building, he stripped Antioch College of its graduate-level and adult-extension programs in Yellow Springs and consolidated them into a new, juridically separate, entity named Antioch University McGregor (after Douglas McGregor, Antioch College's 13th president). McGregor got its own building on campus and also its own president, so Guskin now had two presidents reporting to him in Yellow Springs. The Antioch University "family" now consisted of six units. Guskin, who retired in 1997, was also responsible for Antioch College's getting rid of traditional majors and adopting the self-directed, interdisciplinary courses of study in effect today.

The change in the major configuration attracted applicants who liked the idea of doing whatever they wanted in college but gutted one of Antioch's remaining appeals to other kinds of applicants: its still-strong specific programs in such fields as astronomy, environmental science, and the fine and performing arts. Antioch now had to scramble, for example, to provide its students who wished to attend medical school (and there were fewer and fewer of those) with enough core science courses to qualify. The change in academic emphasis, coupled with the date-rape policy, whose main effect was to alter Antioch College's male-female stu-

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dent ratio from 50-50 to 40-60, coupled with a growing public perception of the college as a haven for crazies, made it difficult for the college to increase its enrollment. Figuring that the financially strapped school needed a critical mass of 800 students in order to generate the minimum revenue necessary to maintain academic quality, the administration adopted the mantra "800 by 2000." When that goal was not met (enrollment in 2000 was 515), the mantra changed to "800 by 2002" (enrollment in 2002 was 577).

All of the above factors conspired to attract a certain kind of Antioch student apt to generate a certain kind of Antioch monoculture. For example, not only does Antioch lack varsity sports, but there are only two intramural sports left on campus: co-ed soccer and women's rugby. "That means Antioch attracts students with a disdain for athletics," said Lawry, Antioch's recently ousted president, who once told the *Chronicle of Higher Education* that Antioch had fostered a "toxic" student culture. "These are kids who in high school were not part of the social scene," said Lawry. "Many of them are highly intellectual but socially awkward and troubled. They feel deeply estranged from the larger culture. There are a lot of interesting, engaged, articulate, smart, perceptive people at Antioch. But it's also been a refuge for people who felt aggrieved and oppressed by mainstream society, so they were very resentful of people who didn't make it clear that they were on their side. We were losing good students because of the pressure on them to conform. It's not what you'd expect of a liberal-arts environment."

It was, however, the sort of environment in which a convicted murderer and former Black Panther, Mumia Abu-Jamal, could be invited by students to deliver the commencement speech in 2000. There had been plenty of evidence supporting Abu-Jamal's conviction in 1982 for shooting Philadelphia police officer Daniel Faulkner five times in the face and back at close range—such as the five spent casings in Abu-Jamal's gun that matched the five bullets lodged in Faulkner's body—and even some leftists have questioned the rush by their fellows to turn Abu-Jamal, currently awaiting the outcome of one of several appeals of his death sentence, into a political prisoner who had been framed by racist cops. When Maureen Faulkner, widow of the slain officer, sent a letter protesting the honor to be conferred on her husband's killer to Robert H. Devine, an Antioch communications professor who had succeeded Crowfoot as the college's president, Devine wrote back, "As educators, it is our responsibility to provide an environment where widely varying points of view can be expressed." (Devine, who stepped down in 2001—he was rumored to have been eased out—and returned to teaching, did not respond to an emailed request for an interview.) Abu-Jamal delivered his commencement speech via a prerecorded tape from death row. It was preceded by a live speech delivered by transgender activist Leslie Feinberg, who characterized Abu-Jamal's conviction and death sentence as the "persecution of a U.S. intellectual." According to alumnus Ralph Keyes's article in the *Chronicle of Higher Education*, a student speaker declared that Antioch was a home for "freaks" and anyone who didn't get that could "f— off."

The Abu-Jamal debacle, protested by hundreds of police officers from around the country who picketed the Yellow Spring campus, was nearly repeated when the 2005 crop of graduates selected as their commencement speaker Ward Churchill, the since-fired (for scholarly plagiarism) ethnic-studies professor at the University of Colorado who became a leftist hero after declaring that the victims of the World Trade Center massacre of September 11, 2001, were "little Eichmanns" who deserved to die. For once, it would seem, Antioch's administrators and faculty actually managed to talk the students into rethinking a rash decision; Churchill was disinvited. Particularly persuasive was Beverly Rodgers, an anthropology professor of genuine Native American descent (Ohio's Miami tribe, forcibly relocated to Oklahoma during the 1840s) who did not care for the fact that Churchill had used an honorary membership in a Cherokee tribe to pass himself off as an Indian for purposes of advancing his career. The next year, when Steven Lawry, newly hired after the college had gone through four presidents and acting presidents in eight years, decided on Raphael Warnock, pastor of Martin Luther King's Ebenezer Baptist Church in Atlanta, in order to mark the death of Antioch alumna Coretta King, the idea of a clergyman on campus alarmed some members of the class of 2006. One of them asked Lawry to write a letter to Warnock telling him he was not to preach on sexual morality while at Antioch.

Lawry, in fact, was the first Antioch president in three decades to apply the brakes to the college's runaway student culture, an effort that alienated many students who were used to doing and saying exactly as they pleased, no matter how outrageous. In a speech on campus in 2006, Lawry announced that he wanted to see a campus marked by more mutual respect and less "indulgence." A few weeks later, he expelled four first-year students caught dealing marijuana on campus. The student handbook expressly forbids all illegal activity, with expulsion as the explicit penalty for trafficking in drugs or alcohol on campus, but the students claimed nonetheless to have been "blindsided." One said, "We were led to believe by all the upper classmen that based on previous experience at Antioch, as long as you were respectful of others with your use of marijuana, it's not a big deal at all."

Lawry's next move was to put an end to anonymous personal ads in the *Record* soliciting sex or threatening vio-

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lence (such as an ad promising to remove the testicles of an Antioch visitor who had expressed disapproval of some campus vulgarity). That move, too, shocked the students, who complained that Lawry was trying, not only to censor free speech but to tame the campus in order to attract more conservative young people. One student sent Lawry an email saying, "F— you, a—hole." Lawry had the student disciplined. Even some of the faculty complained that the new president was heavy-handed and should have employed the classic Antioch method of trying to talk to the students at community meetings. But Lawry was an energetic fundraiser—the first Antioch College president in years to take seriously the idea that raising money was part of the job—and he won the support of many professors and alumni by trying to break the college free of the Antioch University stranglehold.

There were other serious problems he had to deal with. In 2002, the North Central Association, the accrediting body for colleges in Ohio, had issued a report that was highly critical of both Antioch College and Antioch University. Antioch College came under fire for its incurable deficits, its deteriorating physical plant, its obsolete science laboratories, its chronic failure to meet enrollment goals, its extremely high attrition rates (partly due, some students said, to the confrontational campus culture) and low graduation rates, its thinly stretched faculty (which had shrunk to 60 professors), and even its no-grades policy. Antioch University had its own set of problems, the accreditors noted, partly stemming from the fact that the five adult campuses were by then subsidizing Antioch College to the tune of $3 million a year. None of the adult campuses employs tenured professors, relying on a small core staff of full-time instructors working on contract and an army of part-time adjunct professors paid a few thousand dollars per course. The non-tenured professors, who were expected to teach year-round, in contrast to their tenured counterparts in Yellow Springs, complained about low salaries, inadequate books, little time for scholarly research. Antioch University Seattle, where Chancellor Murdock had served as president since 1997, came in for particular criticism over a series of cost-cutting "partnerships" it had formed with out-of-state for-profit educational entities, some of which were not properly accredited. (Murdock, interviewed in Yellow Springs, said the partnerships had been set up before she arrived at the Seattle campus and that she had phased them out.) And in truth, as the university itself concedes, the adult Antioch campuses, while financially viable, are not exactly thriving; none has more than about 900 students.

During this time, it is fair to say, relations between Antioch University and Antioch College were strained, with mutual recriminations to spare. The college's faculty and alumni accuse the university of starving the college into extinction, refusing, for example, to allot sufficient funds to the admissions office to recruit more students, and charging the college depreciation on its aging buildings (which makes the financial condition look even more hopeless), while failing to take into account the college's illustrious history and name, on which the university still trades. University spokesmen in turn accuse the college's alumni of refusing to support their alma mater despite a series of desperate fundraising drives (alumni counter that they are stingy because they don't trust the university) and blame the college itself for a history of chronic mismanagement and a head-in-the-clouds attitude on the part of many Antioch presidents who considered begging for money to be beneath their dignity. "I've sat at trustees' meetings for ten years," said Murdock, "and I and the presidents of the other campuses never got the time we needed because the trustees always had some problem with the college on their hands. It took up all their time."

Antioch's trustees inadvertently issued a death-blow to enrollment numbers in May 2005 with their 'Renewal Plan' for a new first-year curriculum. Students would be organized into 45-person 'learning communities' and enrolled in a single, term-long interdisciplinary course with a name such as 'Gaia' or 'Sense of Place' or 'Cool.'

Meanwhile, Antioch's trustees had inadvertently issued a death-blow to Antioch College's enrollment numbers in May 2005, when they unveiled an ambitious "Renewal Plan" that they had hatched on their own for a new first-year curriculum that looked properly progressive (it was modeled on that of Evergreen State College in Olympia, Wash., famous for its leftist politics and outré course offerings) but was actually designed to cut costs by downsizing the Antioch faculty by a third. Instead of 60 professors teaching 500 students, there would be about 40 (retirements and layoffs were expected to accomplish the reductions, and they did). Starting that fall, instead of enrolling in the usual plateload of beginning courses, each taught by a different professor, all first-year students would be organized into 45-person "learning communities." Each learning community would be enrolled in a single, term-long interdisciplinary course with a name such as "Gaia" or "Sense of Place" or "Cool." The class would be team-taught by a relay of professors from different disciplines ("Cool," offered this fall, features lessons in physics, psychology, and

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music), so that Antioch would appear to maintain the 15-1 student-teacher ratio that expensive liberal-arts colleges like to boast about, while actually offering a 45-1 student-teacher ratio more typical of a state college.

Words can scarcely express the disaster that the Renewal Plan wreaked upon Antioch College's enrollment. Professors, given a single summer to scrap courses they had taught for years and design new ones, had to throw themselves—and all their teaching time—into the Renewal Plan, ignoring upper-level students who needed specific courses to prepare them for graduate school. The diminished number of professors meant that Antioch was left with just one philosopher, one historian, one mathematician, and so forth. Many of those advanced students in turn, feeling abandoned by their teachers, transferred out of Antioch. Students slated to enter Antioch, instead of feeling enthusiastic about joining a learning community and taking a course called "Gaia," felt chiseled, especially if they didn't get into their first-choice learning community, and ended up studying, say, physics, instead of the biology classes a recruiter had promised them.

Many of those disappointed high school graduates enrolled in college elsewhere. Perhaps worst of all, some professors found that the team approach meant they simply could not teach all the material they had covered in their separate entry-level courses. "I can't teach calculus in the Renewal Plan, because I want to teach all of calculus, and I can't," said Elizabeth Nettles. "So I teach something else." The effect of the Renewal Plan (plus a reduction in the recruiting budget) proved to be the opposite of renewal, when only 53 new students showed up during the fall of 2005. Despite aggressive recruiting by Lawry that doubled the entering class the next year, beefed-up science labs, and an improved grade from the accreditors in a 2006 visit, Antioch College's enrollment continued to slide: 377 students in 2005, 330 in 2006, and an expected 304 this fall that crashed to 220 when the university trustees announced in June that they planned to close down Antioch College entirely, at least for a while. Given those numbers, the announcement, if not inexorable, was certainly not a bolt from the blue.

It is hard to know which side to take in the dispute over Antioch College's future. Chancellor Murdock's vision for a new Antioch—few to no tenured professors, private-industry "partnerships" (again) responsible for some facets of teaching, distance learning, a co-op arrangement that would look more like part-time classes for working adults, and turning at least part of the campus over to real estate developers possibly to build condos and a conference center—seems less like a liberal arts college and more like a clone of the five other Antioch University branches. This fall Antioch McGregor moved off the historic Yellow Springs campus entirely to a brand-new, multimillion-dollar building, giving rise to the worst fears of some alumni that the old Antioch would simply be abandoned.

On the other hand, what exactly is there of the old Antioch that is worth saving? A fine main building. Some dedicated teachers on the order of Rodgers and Nettles, and likely some dedicated students, too, underneath the tattoos and rhetoric. And the trees. Interviews with faculty and alumni revealed a continuing reluctance to rein in the student culture and its obsession with gender identity and violating cultural norms—coupled with the assumption that simply throwing more money into recruiting can boost enrollment numbers significantly. A fall alumni get-together reported in the *Record* sounded like deck chairs on the *Titanic*, with the showing of a documentary depicting the strike of 1973 as a good thing and frettings over whether the word "alumnus" is sexist.

Elizabeth Nettles, associate professor of mathematics

"We certainly don't want Antioch to be seen as just for transgender people," said Nancy Crow, a Denver lawyer who heads the college alumni association negotiating to keep the doors open. No, Antioch College certainly doesn't need more political correctness *du jour*. What it needs, in order to save it from turning into the ghost campus of Yellow Springs that it nearly is today, is a few more liberals. ♦

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The Berlin black market, 1945

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Germans as Victims

Recovering from the Third Reich BY NORMAN NAIMARK

Franklin Roosevelt told Stalin that he was shocked by "the extent of the German destruction of the Crimea" he saw on his way to the Yalta conference in February 1945. He added that Stalin should propose again "a toast to the execution of 50,000 officers of the German army."

The dictator responded: "Everyone was more bloodthirsty than they had been a year ago." Stalin explained that what the American president had seen was nothing in comparison to the devastation in Ukraine: The Germans "were savages and seemed to hate with a sadistic hatred the creative work of human beings." In a subsequent discussion between Stalin and Winston Churchill at Yalta about the expulsion of the Germans from Eastern Europe, the British prime minister remarked that the Allies had killed six or seven million Germans during the war "and probably [we] will kill another million before the end of the war."

After the Reich
The Brutal History of the Allied Occupation
by Giles MacDonogh
Basic Books, 618 pp., $32

Stalin asked: "One or two [million]." Churchill answered Stalin that he was "not proposing any limitation" on the numbers.

Some five million Germans died during World War II, including 1.8 million civilians. Fierce Allied bombing campaigns, including the firebombing of Dresden and Hamburg, destroyed German cities and killed hundreds of thousands of their inhabitants, among them 75,000 children under 14. Twelve to 15 million Germans were driven from their homes in the east, primarily Poland and Czechoslovakia; up to two million of them died in the process of expulsion, transport, and detention. At the end of the war, nearly 11 million German soldiers were in prisoner of war camps; 1.5 million of them never returned home. The last were released from the Soviet Union only in 1957. Many hundreds of thousands of German women of all ages were raped, gang-raped, molested, and subjected to various forms of sexual exploitation by the invading and occupying Allied forces. Thousands died or committed suicide as a result.

Norman Naimark, the Robert and Florence McDonnell professor of East European Studies at Stanford, and a senior fellow at the Hoover Institution, is the author, most recently, of Fires of Hatred: Ethnic Cleansing in 20th Century Europe.

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Hungry, cold, and desperate, the Germans did what they could to survive the deprivations of the immediate postwar period. As Alexander and Margareta Mitscherlich wrote in their famous 1967 study of the Germans' "inability to mourn," there was simply no time and no interest on the part of the Germans to grieve their own fate, much less contemplate the horrors their nation had imposed on the peoples of Europe, including the Holocaust. In the fervor of rebuilding their lives and incomes, Germans turned their back on the Nazis and the war, as well as their culpability for crimes against others.

In the first decade after the war's end, the Germans did tell each other stories about their own experiences in the war. Especially in Western Germany, there was remarkable frankness about rape, expulsion, Allied bombing, imprisonment, and deprivation of various sorts. But the narrators displayed little understanding of their responsibility for the havoc wreaked on the continent and its peoples by the Third Reich. The East German regime, established in 1949 under Soviet auspices, forbade open discussion of German suffering, save for that of the Communists and leftist resistance, emphasizing instead Nazi crimes against the Soviet Union and its Slavic East European dependencies.

For different reasons, neither the East Germans nor the West Germans gave much thought or attention to the deep moral implications of the Holocaust. On both sides of the growing divide between east and west, too few questions were asked about the participation of former Nazis and Nazi sympathizers in government, industry, education, and the judiciary. The tendency to ignore the past and focus on building a new and shining future in both the Bonn Republic and the East German Communist state meshed well with the interests of the mutually hostile alliances that emerged with the sharpening of the Cold War.

The untold and unassimilated history of Nazism and the Holocaust was a critical component of the generational upheaval of the late 1960s and '70s in West Germany. Younger Germans forced their society and polity to grapple collectively with moral responsibility for fascism and genocide. Intense public discussions of Nazi crimes overlapped with growing German embarrassment about the culpability of the wartime generation, some of whom continued to occupy prominent roles in the economy, universities, and government. By the early 1980s, there was a rush to come clean, a socio-psychological passion to document and discuss the crimes of the Third Reich, starting with the Holocaust, but including the murder of Roma and Sinti and the mass starvation of nearly two million Soviet POWs.

The Wehrmacht exhibition, which opened in 1995, can be considered the culmination of this trend. By implicating average German soldiers and officers in the despicable Nazi crimes in the east, the exhibit, and the scholarship and commentaries that followed, hammered home to the Germans that very few of the wartime generation could claim complete innocence and lack of knowledge about what had happened, even if the circles of actual perpetrators were more limited. In 2005, the German government itself recognized this fact by building the Holocaust Memorial in the center of Berlin near the Brandenburg Gate and Reichstag, making it clear that German national consciousness cannot be separated from responsibility for the mass murder of the Jews.

This very healthy history of confrontation with the Nazi past took place at the expense of a serious understanding of what happened to the Germans themselves at the end of the war and beginning of the peace. A politicized zero-sum game was at work. If one talked about Germans as victims—of rape, of bombing, of expulsion, or of Allied exploitation—then one was accused of diminishing the Germans' responsibility for the Holocaust and crimes against humanity, of being a "right-winger"—even worse, of being an apologist for Nazism. It was as if Germans could not be both victims and victimizers. With the universities, the media, and public forums overwhelmingly dominated by the left, it was hard for anyone but groups on the relative fringes of German society—expellees from Eastern Europe, members of former landholding families, and virulent anti-Communists—to write about the victimization of Germans. These groups, in turn, tended to be less interested in writing about German crimes.

These divisions in the politics of memory began to break down in the mid-1980s, and were breached for good, if not completely overcome, in the 1990s, with the collapse of the Soviet Union and the unification of Germany. Among the signs of a new integrated approach to the postwar past was the success of Günter Grass's 2002 novel *Im Krebsgang* (*Crabwalk*), which portrayed a Soviet submarine's sinking of the packed German refugee ship, the *Wilhelm Gustloff*, in the icy waters of the Baltic in late January 1945. Jörg Friedrich's 2002 *Der Brand* (*The Fire*) was widely praised for its stark and realistic, if emotionally laden, treatment of the firebombing of Dresden and Hamburg.

Arguments have not ceased about the appropriate balance between portraying the Germans as victims and as victimizers. Politics continue to influence public discussions of the forced expulsions from Eastern Europe. When Erika Steinbach, a Bundestag deputy and president of the Federation of Expellees, began a campaign in 2001 to establish a museum in Berlin about forced deportations in Europe, the left rose in protest and the right defended her initiative. The Federation mounted a modest, if controversial, exhibit last year.

Giles MacDonogh's *After the Reich* will be an important addition to this combustible mixture of memory politics. His is a sprawling and undisciplined, yet deeply engaging, history of German suffering at the end of the war and beginning of the peace. Some of the subjects he explores—such as the mass rape of German women by Soviet soldiers and the brutality of the expulsion of Germans from the east—have been discussed elsewhere at length. Others, like the harsh destiny of German POWs in Soviet hands, and the humiliating, even silly, travails endured by Germans during de-Nazification, have also been described in scholarly monographs. His portrayal of the terrible hunger, cold, and homelessness that plagued Germany during the first two years of occupation

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provides few surprises, especially for a German audience.

What makes MacDonogh's book so effective is the sheer breadth of his vision, including the full panoply of German victimization together in a single volume. He examines the brutality perpetrated against the Germans and the suffering that they endured up close and personal. The devil of occupation is in its details, and these he provides in colorful prose. He is also one of the rare historians to include the fate of the Austrians with that of the Germans throughout Europe, and to look at postwar Germany from the perspectives of all four occupied zones.

MacDonogh's historical method fits his writing strategy. He draws extensively from the hundreds of memoirs and diaries of Germans who experienced the horrors of the war and its aftermath. These are the stories that Germans told to their relatives and friends, that they swapped on treks and in refugee camps, that they sometimes suppressed and wrote, or at least published, much later, when German society was ready to listen. MacDonogh starts his narrative of suffering at the end of the war and ends it with the Berlin Blockade: with Germans as victims both of Allied occupation and of the Cold War.

MacDonogh tries to demonstrate that the French and American occupations (less so the British, or so he maintains) were sometimes as brutal as the Soviet. No one would deny that there were instances of rape in the Western zones, but the problem assumed nowhere near the extent and significance of mass rape in the Soviet zone. The same holds for the harsh fate of German POWs under the Americans and French. Many thousands of Germans starved to death, especially in the American *Rheinwiesen lager* (Rhine Meadow camps); others were beaten and horribly tortured. American soldiers sometimes shot Germans, usually SS and other uniformed Nazis, where they were found, and executed others without trial in detention camps.

No American (or German) should have any illusions about the violence carried out by GIs and their officers against disarmed and interned German soldiers, policemen, and even civilians at the end of the war. The "greatest generation" committed crimes against captured Germans that make Abu Ghraib look like child's play. But none of this even approached the violence of the Soviet occupation in the east: The millions of Germans who fled to the west before 1961, when the Wall cut off the exodus, are witnesses enough to this fact.

In a period when the United States has reached rock bottom in German public opinion polls, MacDonogh's revelations about the harsh, even murderous, American occupation may well strike respondent chords among many German readers. In some ways, the Allied occupation of Germany was lifted only in 1989-90, when the Wall came down and Germany was united. It would be surprising if Germans did not buttress their claims to sovereignty by throwing off any residual notions about the pure goodness of the American occupation. The Americans were the foster fathers of German democracy, but Germans are looking for partnership with Washington, not a parental relationship. A realistic view of the occupation on the part of both parties may well help.

Contemporary Germans continue to perform complicated balancing acts with historical memory. They walk the tightrope of accepting historical responsibility for the Holocaust and the inhuman policies of the Third Reich, while coming to terms with their own victimization at the end of the war and beginning of the peace. Similarly, they need to develop a realistic appraisal of American occupation policies. The American occupation was sometimes brutal and mean, as portrayed by MacDonogh. But German democracy and prosperity owe an enormous debt to the goodwill, good sense, persistence, and self-interest of the Western Allies, the Americans in particular.

By almost any indicators, the Federal Republic of Germany is one of the most successful industrial democracies in the world. *After the Reich* provides poignant descriptions, often in the Germans' own words, of what they endured and overcame, including the initial denial of their own culpability for Nazi crimes, in order to get to this point.

They have a lot to be proud of in this connection. So do the Americans. ♦

Oranges and Lemons

The sweet and sour version of the history of fruit.

BY SABRINA SCHAEFFER

A lemonade stand on a hot summer day, evoking an Edward Hopper painting, has become as much an icon of American life as baseball or apple pie. Lemons have worked their way into the fabric of American culture, and they aren't the only citrus fruit to do so: A morning glass of orange juice was, long before the anti-carb craze, central to starting your day off right. And despite pressure from the diet *du jour*, orange juice with breakfast still carries a Leave-It-to-Beaver feeling of suburban comfort.

Citrus
A History
by Pierre Laszlo
Chicago, 262 pp., $25

So how did these sweet and sour fruits become such a relished, yet commonplace, part of our lives? When did lemonade and orange juice become symbols of middle-class contentment? What is a citrus, anyway?

Pierre Laszlo, professor emeritus of chemistry at the University of Liège and the École Polytechnique, explores

Sabrina Schaeffer is a writer and consultant in Virginia.

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the experience of where, when, and how citrus fruits made their way into the Western world and into our daily culture. While *Citrus: A History* falls short of other recent food histories, it is packed with information on the importance of citrus around the world, and its impact on American life.

We learn, for instance, that citrus fruits were first introduced to the West around the time of Alexander the Great's military conquests, ca. 300 B.C. Citrus fruits like oranges and citrons (although the reader is hard-pressed to find a description of citrons here) owe much of their widespread transplantation throughout Europe to the Jewish Diaspora, which used citrus for autumn harvest rituals. The permanent establishment of citrus throughout the Western world is due, in large part, to another one of the major religions: Islam. Perhaps more interesting is the fact that the Moors introduced farming methods that would develop into a whole new line of "citriculture," which emerged to protect citrus plants from harsh weather and damaging insects and pests.

Over the centuries, citrus plants have come to play a myriad of roles in cultural life. In art, poetry, public celebrations, even in war, citrus fruits are identified as symbols of virginity, wealth, love, and fertility. Oranges, which came to represent the warm climates of the south, became a central motif in Flemish tapestries made for the aristocracy and wealthy merchant class in the 16th century. Citrus, which represented luxury and exotic places, became the focal point of Dutch still lifes in the 17th and 18th centuries.

These days, oranges are as commonplace as apples and bananas, so it's interesting to note that not so long ago they were viewed as an indulgence, a symbol of affluence and peace. For instance, at carnival time, which has been occurring since the 16th century and continues around the world in cities like Rio, Genoa, and Nice, oranges have taken on a festive role and are integrated into parades. Beginning in the Renaissance and up until World War I, a trip to the theater was not complete without buying an orange from a street vendor.

Of course, anything identified as such a lavish item for consumption requires special care. And Laszlo explores the techniques developed to protect and nurture citrus plants. At his palace in Versailles, Louis XIV maintained an *orangerie*—a long building, similar to a greenhouse, used during the winter to protect nonnative trees such as orange trees. And because citrus came to represent wealth and extravagance, learning to cultivate these favored plants was often perceived as an adventure. Something of a pioneer culture grew up around the fruits and may help explain the rapid development of the citrus industry in the United States, mainly in Florida and California.

Citrus sinensis, 1872

One of Laszlo's more interesting chapters is his discussion of how orange groves in Southern California were integrally connected with western expansion, the completion of the transcontinental railroad, and modern advertising. During the second half of the 19th century, the railroad helped make both California and Southern Florida popular tourist destinations, known at the time as the new Promised Lands of the West and South.

But while *Citrus* is full of engaging stories and interesting ideas, Laszlo never establishes a true narrative. Instead, he weaves between breezy historical vignettes and an eclectic assortment of facts separated physically on the page by endless line breaks. He includes numerous short recipes that sound appetizing but are too often inserted like bookmarks, sandwiched between a travel story and a "word from the chemist." And Laszlo gets lost in his own, rather pointed, view of capitalism and American culture, veering off into gratuitous discussions of the "timid" American traveler or the problems of interest-group politics.

Despite this haphazard structure, Laszlo does succeed at offering some interesting historical and cultural insights. He describes the citriculture boom of the late 19th century as a phenomenon rooted in Jeffersonian political theory. Our third president viewed the west as a "blank slate upon which to write a new, more just chapter of human history," and exhorted settlers who decided to spread the American experiment to the Pacific. With the completion of the transcontinental railroad in 1869, it could be said that Jefferson's vision became a reality; and as Laszlo describes it, those Southern California orange groves made it possible to lay down roots in the west—and for people back east to enjoy a little squeeze of the Promised Land on their breakfast table.

Laszlo also discusses the significant role citrus has played in modern medicine. He devotes an entire chapter to the 20th-century discovery of Vitamin C—

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the key ingredient in citrus fruit that prevents scurvy—and we learn that, following the global influenza epidemic of 1918-19, orange juice acquired a new, medicinal significance, especially for children. By the 1920s, OJ had become a distinctive feature of the American breakfast.

Ultimately, however, Laszlo falls short of drawing any larger conclusions from this history. He spends the better part of one chapter discussing the health benefits that come from citrus yet fails to highlight the significant shift in the public's attitude toward the plants: Citrus was no longer an item of extravagance, but a necessity. And it was this change in citrus's image that eventually opened up new avenues of business and new aisles in the supermarket. Laszlo describes corporate giants and advertising campaigns that emerged from the success of the Southern California citriculture: Sunkist, for example, was the first company to market orange juice (rather than plain oranges) and purchased the slogan "Drink an Orange" from the advertising executive Albert Lasker. The ability to evaporate and extract water from the fruit led to frozen concentrated orange juice and the rise of Tropicana.

Professor Laszlo is not new to commodity literature. He is also the author of *Salt: Grain of Life* (2002). But his previous work didn't enjoy the public recognition of Mark Kurlansky's best-seller *Salt: A World History* (2002). And, Laszlo is not likely to enjoy widespread praise for *Citrus*, either. Long on isolated facts—especially crumbs for the chemistry enthusiast—it is short, *very* short, on style. There is lucidity to Laszlo's prose, a clarity missing from many histories, but the curse of *Citrus* is his simple, staccato-like sentences, which can read more like an encyclopedia than a history. He has the right idea in mind, infusing *Citrus* with a broad expanse of information. But unlike other popular food histories, such as Kurlansky's *The Big Oyster: History on the Half Shell*—which is as much a history of New York City, and the transformation of Manhattan from farmland to metropolis, as of oysters—this is a story about citrus plants, and little else. ♦

Tall Tactician

The Philadelphia Athletic in the three-piece suit.

BY JOHN C. CHALBERG

By his own estimation, Connie Mack's 50-year (1901-1950) career as manager of the Philadelphia Athletics lasted precisely one year too long.

One year? Ten last-place finishes in the final 16 seasons of his incredible tenure might have been a hint that it was long past time to head in a different direction. Then again, maybe the octogenarian Mack was waiting for yet another rebuilding plan to bear fruit. After all, there had been another stretch of Athletics futility, highlighted by six straight cellar-dwelling seasons between the great A's teams of the pre-World War I era and the dynasty of 1929-1931.

Connie Mack and the Early Years of Baseball
by Norman L. Macht
Nebraska, 742 pp., $39.95

By today's standards, Connie Mack's managerial career would have been cut short by multiple decades rather than a single year. Of course, in his case, it helped that Connie Mack, full time field manager, was also Connie Mack, part-time part-owner. It may also have helped that the other Philadelphia team was, well, the other Philadelphia team. (This season's Barry Bonds countdown saw the Phillies complete a countdown of their own by becoming the first major league team to reach 10,000 losses.) If there are other explanations for Mack's longevity, Norman L. Macht cannot be the final word—at least not yet, since this backstop of a book takes the Mack story only to 1914, or the end of the first of Mack's two (and, yes, there would be only two) Athletics dynasties.

The obvious questions are two: Why tell barely a fourth of Connie Mack's major league story over the course of a book that would be far too long if the subject were the entire history of professional baseball? The second is briefer, but no less pointed: Who will read this testament to Ruthian excess? It's one thing to face the prospect of a potentially endless baseball game, but does a biography of an important baseball figure have to be nearly as eternal?

Or the research. Having spent 22 years on this labor of love, perhaps the near-octogenarian Macht thought he'd better quit while he was still ahead. Actually, the Mack/Macht story began in 1948 when the 18-year-old Norman Macht introduced himself to the "Tall Tactician" at an Atlanta ballpark. Mack's Athletics were barnstorming their way north following spring training, and Macht was Atlanta Cracker broadcaster Ernie Harwell's gofer. In the intervening decades, Macht has authored numerous baseball books, but he has never quite forgotten Connie Mack.

A catcher by trade and preference, Mack (born Cornelius MacGillicuddy) escaped the mills of Massachusetts for a professional baseball career that took him to Washington, Pittsburgh, and Milwaukee before collaborating with Ban Johnson to create the American League, and then with Ben Shibe to build the Philadelphia Athletics into the pride of the junior circuit. Despite his stretches of managerial failure, Mack belongs in the Hall of Fame and deserves a biographer's attention. But surely a crisp full story would have been better than this sprawling half-story.

The second half of the title might amount to an excuse, only because Connie Mack was a key figure during the

John C. Chalberg teaches history in Minnesota and performs a one-man show as baseball's Branch Rickey.

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Ty Cobb, Connie Mack, Howard Ehmke, 1927

BETTMANN / CORBIS

"early years of baseball." On this score, Macht is to be credited with keeping multiple Macks at the center of his story: They would be Connie Mack behind the plate, as in the catching pioneer who moved *right* behind the plate; Connie Mack on the bench, trademark scorecard in hand, signaling to this or that outfielder to shift in this or that direction; and Connie Mack in the front office desperately trying to balance the books and diligently working to balance his lineup.

The last of the skippers in street clothes, the Tall Tactician was never quite one of the boys, but as of 1914, Mack, already 51, was not yet the remote figure of baseball legend. A superb finder and handler of baseball talent in his prime, Mack was proudest of his careful cultivation of pitchers. With gentle humor and numbing detail, Macht records Mack's care and feeding of the chronically zany Rube Wadell and the chronically ailing Eddie Plank, among many, many others. Then there were the three A's Hall of Famers who might have been: Christy Mathewson, Napoleon Lajoie, and Joe Jackson. To learn how and why these greats got away, you'll have to do your own plowing, or resort to the index.

The larger story in all of this is the story of Connie Mack at work assembling his first dynasty. It's a story of acumen and patience, as well as the story of the Mack/Shibe relationship. It's also a story of money, as in how and when to spend it, and how and when not to. In sum, it's a lower-budget version of the same baseball game that is still being played today.

The spending behemoths aside, there remains room in today's game for at least an abbreviated version of Connie Mack. That would be a man of infinite patience and voluminous baseball wisdom who (at least in Mack's case) also happened to be fortunate enough to have a major partner (Shibe) who had the wisdom to be patient with him. Such a combination of men and traits won't necessarily assure a dynasty, or even a world championship, what with 30 teams now competing for the prize. But it ought to produce a highly competitive squad more often than not, if the man on top has the skill and time to spot and develop talent and the good sense to surrender the reins a few years (or perhaps a few decades) more than one year too late.

Who knows? Maybe Norman Macht's target audience was current or budding general managers on the lookout for that ever-elusive edge. Judging baseball talent has never been an exact science. By the same token, it's always been something other than a crapshoot. All else being equal, Mack looked for ballplayers who were "quick thinkers." Hence this high school dropout's sometimes-misplaced preference for "college boys" over "rowdies." While Mack may not have been right to equate baseball intelligence with academic credentials, he was surely on the mark in stressing the former. On defense, he could excuse physical, but not mental, errors: "A man should know what to do with a baseball once he gets it." On offense, he considered base-running the "most important, most interesting, and most intelligent" aspect of the game.

On the mound, Macht deems Mack to have been the game's "original Captain Hook." After all, his 1914 Athletics pitching staff set a record for fewest complete games (68—yes, *68*), which stood for 10 years. He also instructed his hurlers to pitch to a batter's strength. When baseball was essentially a fielder's game, the idea was to put the ball in play and let the defenders do the rest. Hence that folded scorecard as choreographer's baton.

In the front office, Mack had a reputation as a penny-pincher. He was supposed to have said that the "best thing for a team financially is to be in the running and finish second. If you win, the players all expect raises." True or not, it's "nonsense" to Macht: With or without free agency, Mack was simply stating an economic fact of baseball life. Then and now, the trick has always been to know just when to jettison a player, especially a star.

Mack thought that one star was all that a winning team really needed. For six years of the first A's dynasty, that star was Eddie Collins. Mack dealt Collins to the White Sox in 1915—or at least a decade (rather than a year) too soon. Maybe Mack wasn't speaking "nonsense" after all. For that matter, you have to wonder what one-star Mack would have done with Collins, Mathewson, Lajoie, and Jackson on the same team!

No doubt, there are other baseball tidbits here; at least there ought to be in a tome this size. Does that suggest that I might have missed a nugget or an inning—or a base—along the way? Maybe, maybe not. After all, both scouts and reviewers have long been known to keep a few things to themselves. ♦

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Objection, Your Honor

What does it mean to be an 'activist' judge?

BY ILYA SHAPIRO

Depending on where you stand on the political spectrum, you might be angry about unelected liberal judges rewriting the Constitution to reflect their own ill-conceived policy choices. Or you might be outraged that reactionary conservative judges are striking down laws and threatening all the progress the country has made in terms of civil rights and liberties. Either way, you're likely to view the actions of these dangerous black-robed arbiters as "judicial activism," which must be stopped by any and all means.

But what is this judicial activism? If it's merely "an invalidation of government action," as my former professor Cass Sunstein has proposed, then what are the beloved liberal troika of *Brown*, *Miranda*, and *Roe*—which struck down duly-enacted laws relating to segregation, police procedure, and abortion—but unabashed activism? Conversely, if President Bush is correct that it's disrespecting federalism and acting "without regard for the will of the people and their elected representatives," then what could be more activist than the Justice Department's opposition to California's medicinal marijuana and Oregon's right-to-die statute?

Examples like this abound. "Judicial activism" is everybody's favorite bogeyman, but neither the left nor the right can provide a definition beyond Potter Stewart's famous dictum (issued in the context of obscenity but, as Sandra Day O'Connor proved, extendable to an entire non-philosophy of jurisprudence): I'll know it when I see it.

"Most people who use the term don't have a coherent definition of it," explains Georgetown law professor Randy Barnett. "It typically means judicial opinions with which they disagree." But it doesn't have to be this way. And in this refreshing new book, veteran constitutional litigator Clint Bolick shows that the purveyors of conventional punditry all miss the larger point: The role of the judiciary *vis-à-vis* constitutional jurisprudence is to faithfully interpret and apply the Constitution, full stop.

David's Hammer
The Case for an Activist Judiciary
by Clint Bolick
Cato, 165 pp., $19.95

It is no small task, in part because of the doctrinal mess the Supreme Court has made, but whether a particular statute stands or falls is of no moment. Fidelity to the founding document should be the touchstone, not a circular debate over the virtues of judicial restraint—or, as Chief Justice Roberts called it at his confirmation hearings, "modesty."

That is, so long as we accept that judicial review is constitutional and appropriate in the first place—how a judiciary is supposed to ensure that the government stays within its limited powers without it is beyond me—then we should only be concerned that a court "gets it right," regardless of whether that correct interpretation leads to the challenged law being upheld or overturned. For that matter, an honest court watcher should not care whether one party wins or another—or, to paraphrase Justice Alito's response to Senator Dick Durbin at *his* confirmation hearings, the little guy should win when he's in the right, and the big corporation should win when it's in the right.

Bolick shows how this conception of judicial activism-*cum*-review advances the causes of economic liberty, private property rights, and school choice—not coincidentally, for these are the "practice groups" of the Institute for Justice, the public interest law firm he cofounded. The Framers' constitutional understanding itself provides the boundaries between proper and improper judicial activism. Courts should review all state actions that implicate individual liberty while giving meaning to every word of the Constitution; apply not a presumption of constitutionality but of liberty; void any exertion of power not expressly enumerated; and exercise only judicial, rather than legislative or executive, power.

"The dividing line, then, is not between judicial activism and judicial restraint," Bolick clarifies, "it is between legitimate and vigorous judicial action and illegitimate judicial imperialism." For proof of this observation's legitimacy, look no further than the contrast between the public sentiment toward the very different "activisms" of the Warren and Rehnquist courts. Ultimately, judicial power is not a means to an end—liberal, conservative, or anything else—but an enforcement mechanism for the strictures of a founding document. To that end, as it were, certain judicial decisions will produce unpopular outcomes.

But the United States is a republic, with a founding document intended just as much to curtail the excesses of democracy as it was to empower its exercise. And in a country ruled by laws, and not men, the proper response to an unpopular legal decision is to change the law or amend the Constitution. Any other method leads to a sort of judicial abdication, and the loss of those very rights and liberties that can only be vindicated through the judicial process. Or to government by black-robed philosopher-kings. And as Justice Scalia is fond of saying, why would we want to be ruled by nine lawyers? ♦

Ilya Shapiro is a lawyer and writer in Washington.

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Insanity Defense

Dr. Szasz and his crazy theories of the mind.

BY WILLIAM ANDERSON

"No man is an island . . . any man's death diminishes me, because I am involved in mankind," said John Donne.

Not if Thomas Szasz can help it.

The underlying premise of his life's work is that all of us are, or ought to be, islands of individual autonomy and responsible only to our inner lights. This cornerstone supports a moral universe of elegant simplicity: No one should have the right or capacity to coerce anyone else.

Coercion as Cure
A Critical History of Psychiatry
by Thomas Szasz
Transaction, 336 pp., $34.95

Yet civilization requires that certain actions must be encouraged and others must be prevented. This is accomplished, all else failing, by *coercion.* To deny this is idle dreaming, an adolescent fantasy of anarchic Arcadia. Yet that is the world in which Dr. Szasz insists we should live.

For Szasz, professor emeritus of psychiatry, individual freedom and autonomy are not the most important values; they are the *only* values. This concept generates a morality with curious properties: There is no room for the possibility that autonomy may be compromised by illness, that such illness may be treated, and autonomy thus restored. There is also no room for brotherly love, charity, or assistance to those who may be impaired. The practice of psychiatry, he insists, represents the chief obstruction to the realization of his goal. Its practitioners are the shock troops of societal oppression. They are motivated by hubris, venality, folly—or perhaps simply malice.

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Early in the 20th century, it should be noted, his concern about coercion was not entirely wrong. There were cases in which families, psychiatrists, and judges colluded to rusticate an embarrassing wayward scion, sometimes with tragic results. Since then there has been a societal trajectory toward recognition of individual rights. But perhaps this is now in danger of being overdone.

By my count, this is the 30th book by Szasz that argues this central theme. Since the publication of *The Myth of Mental Illness* (1961), he has tilted at the windmill of psychiatry, and not without a measure of success. This current incarnation of the polemic contains many familiar elements, but is organized around what he purports to be a "critical" history. And in a way, it is—if, by history, one means a catalogue of every ugly, stupid, evil thing that a profession may have allowed for the past 300 years, and which omits any activity that might have had some positive value. Psychiatry, no doubt, has its complement of knaves, fools, and mountebanks, but that is not the whole story.

Thus, the third sentence of Chapter One: *Incarcerating people is what psychiatrists do.* No, it isn't. Psychiatrists try to apply scientific medicine in the service of ameliorating disturbances of thinking, feeling, and action brought about by disturbances of brain function. Given a highly imperfect understanding of how the brain works, this is not an easy thing to do. Results are often less than satisfactory. Yet the alternative is to do nothing, and that is often worse.

Courts of law, however, *do* incarcerate people. Occasionally, they consider psychiatric opinion in their decision. Courts do this not to indulge a malicious desire to suppress autonomy, but to protect the public order and provide an alternative to tribal warfare. Courts also make errors, and yet we mostly agree that we need them.

Fifteen years ago, Larry Hogue was a well-known citizen who inhabited the streets of Manhattan. He had a proclivity toward the use of alcohol and cocaine as well as other eccentricities of brain function. He expressed his autonomy by breaking windows, assaulting passersby, and, most notoriously, by pushing a young girl in front of moving truck. (She was unhurt.) After seemingly endless wrangling, he was finally hospitalized involuntarily for psychiatric evaluation. Omitting the facts of the case, Szasz describes this episode as an example of oppression of a man who had "annoyed the city's mental health authorities." This is dishonest.

Jane, my friend of 30 years, died recently by her own hand. She was attractive, intelligent, energetic, and funny. She was a graduate of an Ivy college and medical school, with training in two specialties from teaching hospitals of the first rank. In her 58th year, she lost interest in work, became consumed with guilt over imaginary misdeeds, and progressively lost the ability to eat or sleep. She accepted hospital admission, and a first-rate psychiatrist began to treat her. But her illness was such that she declined to continue her treatment. The laws of the state in which she lived, informed by the principles of Thomas Szasz, insisted on what was, for her, a lethal dose of autonomy.

The central conceptual error of Szasz's metaphysical perspective is his failure to recognize that the brain and the mind are related, as are structure and function. There exists no mind, and hence no free will, in the absence of an adequately functioning brain. It would be odd indeed if the brain were the only bodily organ that has malfunctions which are fully

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understood. Yet that is Szasz's position. If one accepts his obviously flawed premise, his argument is as resilient and impermeable as a steel ball. He insists, over and over, that mental illness doesn't exist *because he sees* no evidence of brain dysfunction in common psychiatric diagnoses such as psychosis or depression.

This sweeping agnosia is unworthy of a man who holds himself out as a professor. He seems not to have looked carefully in the evidential archives. Since the publication of his first book, 46 years ago, there has been an explosion of understanding in the neurosciences. Genetics, brain imagery, neurophysiology, psychology, chemistry, and pharmacology together show this mounting evidence: The brain, like every other organ, may suffer from a wide spectrum of disorders. These may impair the cognitive and emotional functions upon which autonomy depends. While not fully understood, these disorders are nevertheless real and can, in many cases, be ameliorated. That is a *fact*. It is perverse to deny it. Yet deny it he does.

How, then, can we make sense of this half-century jihad for unfettered individual expression and autonomy? The book's introduction gives us a clue. Szasz informs us that "long before medical school, I suspected that mental illness was a medical fiction." He goes on to say that, by graduation, he had no doubt of it. He sees himself as a modern Voltaire, seeking to erase the infamy of coercion, as best enabled by psychiatry.

This is an example of an overvalued idea, a notion that is neither a delusion nor obsession, and not necessarily wrong in itself but that, for some personal reason, crystallizes as an all-consuming illumination, pushing aside all other considerations and becoming the ruling passion of one's life. A similar familiar example is that of Dr. Jack Kevorkian's advocacy of euthanasia.

This is, of course, the author's right. He may certainly express his autonomy with a lifelong rage against practices of which he disapproves. I doubt that the worst psychiatrist, on his worst day, would deny him the means to express himself thus. But I can express my ideas, too. Thomas Szasz is an enormously erudite and energetic man who has wasted his life on a silly fiction. In doing so, he has brought quite a lot of misinformation into the world, and enhanced the misery of a lot of troubled people.

He's a crank. ♦

Author and reader, Annapolis

ASSOCIATED PRESS

Jenna's Story

The president's daughter appeals to young adults to 'make a difference.' **BY ERIN MONTGOMERY**

Throngs of shoppers and the accompanying shortage of parking spaces usually keep me away from my local shopping mall on a Saturday afternoon. But I made the trip on a Saturday a few weeks ago after I discovered—through a smattering of ads in my hometown newspaper—that Jenna Bush would be speaking about and signing copies of her new book at Borders in the Annapolis (Md.) Mall. This would be her first public event for the book, it was said, which is based on her recent work with the United Nations Children's Fund.

Ana's Story
A Journey of Hope
by Jenna Bush
HarperCollins, 304 pp., $18.99

I felt more than a little pleased that the First Daughter had chosen my Maryland town over larger venues in nearby Washington, including the Library of Congress's National Book Festival—a tremendous annual showcase of authors which was taking place that same day on the National Mall (her mother has hosted the event for the last six years). Evidently, this first-time author preferred a more modest-sized

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crowd—much to the delight of the 150-plus people who passed through security under the watchful gaze of the Secret Service, and eagerly gathered on the Borders second floor to hear her presentation.

At 26, the former "wild twin" is self-assured, yet unpretentious, with a raspy voice and youthful sparkle in her eye. Having spent 18 months teaching third- and fifth-graders at Elsie Whitlow Stokes Community Freedom Public Charter School in Washington, she is at ease addressing a group and, during her 20-minute talk, made lots of eye contact with the pre-teen girls sitting in the front row—and with her fiancé, seated a few rows back. She graciously thanked her audience for showing up and for showing interest in *Ana's Story*—a nonfiction account geared toward young adults, and a product of her yearlong internship with UNICEF's Latin America and Caribbean office. During her internship, Bush lived in Panama and traveled to Jamaica, Paraguay, and Argentina to document the lives of the impoverished children, many of them orphans, that UNICEF serves—and to listen to and write about what she calls "their stories of hope of resilience."

The story that affected her most was told by Ana, a 17-year-old single mother living in Panama, born with HIV. ("Ana" is a pseudonym.) Jenna Bush met Ana at a community group that included women and children living with HIV/AIDS, and found herself amazed and inspired by Ana's strength and positive attitude after all she had faced in her young life. Ana's story is one of unfathomable hardship: She lost her baby sister, mother, and father to AIDS all before she entered the sixth grade; she was sexually abused by a family friend; and she must struggle to keep her "secret" (that she is infected with HIV) from her friends and classmates. She continues to shuffle from home to home, and is treated harshly by many family members. When she fell in love and became pregnant at age 16, she had to face the agonizing possibility that her baby would be infected as well. Fortunately, Ana's daughter, 14 months old when the book was written, had thus far tested negative for HIV.

Jenna Bush spent nine months with Ana, learning about her life and writing her story. As she explains in her preface, "This book is based on Ana's childhood and adolescence as she told it to me. It is a mosaic of her life, using words instead of shards of broken tile to create an image of her past and a framework for her future. It also embodies all of what I've learned working with UNICEF."

As she read from *Ana's Story*, I saw tears form in the corner of more than one listener's eyes. Bush employs straightforward, unadorned language, and lavish imagery, to narrate the story of Ana's life, the substance of which is often grim yet tinged with the girl's pure, enduring hopes for a better life. The chapters are short, the pages are glossy, and the photographs are enchanting: pink baby clothes dangling from a clothesline; tiny tropical-colored houses lining the streets in Ana's *hogar*; a beautiful young mother (presumably Ana), her face turned away from the camera as she cradles her sleeping child. The photographer is Jenna Bush's friend, 25-year-old Mia Baxter, a fellow graduate of the University of Texas and UNICEF intern.

Ana's Story is poignant in its own right, but made more so when you think about the author and her heroine. Here is a young woman born into a life of privilege and opportunity telling the story of another young woman born into a life that couldn't be more different. This unnerving dichotomy makes reading *Ana's Story* incredibly powerful and humbling, and at the end, Bush appeals to teens and young adults to "make a difference" through volunteering, and lays out a detailed list of the things they can do in their communities and beyond.

Just as Jenna Bush's audience applauded loudly at the end of her talk, readers will applaud her scrupulous attention to detail—in her writing, in her call to action, in her budding humanitarianism. ♦

Only the Lonely

Steve Carell brings the Sensitive Young Widower to life. **BY JOHN PODHORETZ**

The Sensitive Young Widower is one of the most comforting fantasy figures in American popular culture—an image of male domestication second to none. He is not the widower who populates fairy tales, a figure of impotent horror like the foolish nobleman who consigns his daughter Cinderella to the care of an evil stepmother, or the poverty-stricken woodcutter who agrees with his second wife to seek the death-by-exposure of his children, Hansel and Gretel.

Dan in Real Life
Directed by Peter Hedges

Nor is he the cruel and embittered failed parent of Victorian literature, like Mr. Dombey in Dickens's *Dombey and Son*, whose inability to love is a torture to his sole surviving child. No, our Sensitive Young Widower has loved and has lost, and the flawless nature of his marital bliss has made his suffering all the more acute. But that suffering is ennobling. It has toughened and humanized him. The SYW is sadder and wiser and vastly more mature than his peers whose wives have remained alive in spite of the fact that they would clearly be better men if they, too, were forced to watch their loved one die.

John Podhoretz is THE WEEKLY STANDARD*'s movie critic.*

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His greatness of soul is demonstrated by the sacrifices he is willing to make as a father to small children. For them he must wear a brave face and soldier on, despite a broken heart.

And of course, he is successful and attractive, demonstrates all the qualities a woman would like in a husband because he was once a wonderful husband—only he's available through no fault of his own. That is why, over the course of the last half-century, there have been at least a dozen situation comedies on television featuring a Sensitive Young Widower (most notably *My Three Sons*, *The Andy Griffith Show*, *The Courtship of Eddie's Father*, and *Full House*, which ran in prime time for a combined total of 31 years). On screen, the Sensitive Young Widower has appeared in many guises, from Tom Hanks's grieving architect in *Sleepless in Seattle* to Michael Douglas's lonely resident of 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue in *The American President* to Arnold Schwarzenegger's log-lugging He-Man in *Commando*.

The latest Sensitive Young Widower is the hero of *Dan in Real Life*, a soulful new movie that is half-terrific and half-silly. This makes it well worth your while, since it's hard to find a movie that is even one-eighth terrific. Dan Burns, four years a widower, writes a Dear Abby column about being a parent for a New Jersey newspaper. As the movie begins, he is collecting his three daughters—ages 10, 14, and 17—for a weekend with his family in Rhode Island.

The touches that make *Dan in Real Life* terrific are present from the start. In Dan's queen-sized bed, his late wife has been replaced by books and newspapers scattered about, the standard-issue refuse of a writer who sleeps alone. He is suffering from an insomnia that drives him, first, from bed to his computer to write, then to the laundry room in the basement of his nondescript bungalow. He makes peanut butter sandwiches for his girls, each with a different accompaniment—one with jelly, one with banana—and he still cuts off the crusts and cuts them into small pieces.

The 17-year-old is angry with him because Dan will not let her drive the car. The 14-year-old is enraged because Dan will not allow her to see her boyfriend. "You are a murderer!" she cries with crazed adolescent passion. "A murderer of love!" Only the 10-year-old loves him unconditionally, and he will disappoint her later on.

Juliette Binoche, Brittany Robertson, Steve Carell

MERIE W. WALLACE, SMPSP

Mostly, though, *Dan in Real Life* is satisfying because of Steve Carell, who gives a wonderful and fully lived-in performance in the title role. His Dan is an uncommonly lovable character because, despite great charm and intelligence, he's still a bit of a shlep—a second-tier writer with one unsuccessful novel to his name who is doing the best he can under difficult personal circumstances.

Those circumstances metastasize over the long weekend after he meets the woman of his dreams at a bookstore, only to discover that she is his beloved brother's girlfriend. And this is where the movie turns silly. Dan and Marie (Juliette Binoche) decide to pretend they've never met, and so the script forces the innately dignified Dan into ludicrous and false situations that only take place in bad movie comedies—like climbing out a bathroom window and falling off the roof into some bushes.

Dan in Real Life offers one of those gauzy visions of family togetherness that includes the inevitable touch football game, an extraordinarily tiresome set-piece that should be ruled illegal in a codicil to the new Law of the Sea Treaty. And the entire audience would be well-advised to inject itself with insulin when the Burns family decides to put on a family talent show.

And yet, even here, Carell manages to turn something markedly phony into something remarkably true. Dan picks up a guitar for the first time since his wife's death to support his brother serenading the woman they both love with Pete Townshend's "Let My Love Open the Door"—and then, with voice breaking, sings the song's second verse directly to Marie. It's among the most touching scenes in recent memory, and it solidifies Carell's surprising, but entirely deserved, standing as a major star.

Carell has not had the most unlikely career in recent showbiz history—the prize for that would have to go to Danny DeVito in our time and Jimmy Durante in an earlier era—but surely not even he believed, as little as three years ago, that he would rise so vertiginously from his comfortable perch as one of Jon Stewart's fake correspondents on *The Daily Show*, and an occasional third-banana bit on the big screen, to simultaneous glory as the lead performer on the coruscating NBC sitcom *The Office* and film stardom.

It takes a consummate performer like Carell to find something new and credible in a character as cliché-riddled as the Sensitive Young Widower. As long as you're watching him, Carell makes you forget Fred MacMurray and Andy Griffith and Bob Saget and for a moment, you might think *Dan in Real Life* is a classic. But in the cool air outside the theater it all comes rushing in on you, and you find yourself back to real life—for real this time. ♦

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"The bosses of New York's five Mafia families . . . came a hair-trigger away from sanctioning a hit on . . . Rudy Giuliani, according to bombshell FBI records. . . . The young guns of the bunch, Gambino boss John 'The Teflon Don' Gotti and Colombo chief Carmine 'The Snake' Persico, were said to lobby in favor of the murder." **—New York Post, *October 25***

Federal Bureau of Investigation
Official Wiretap Transcript

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Persico (contd.): and every time one of my [expletive] people gets a hand in something, you know like that solid waste thing in Jackson Heights I was telling you about, this [expletive] Giuliani gets his [expletive] jollies [expletive] breaking it up and closing the [expletive] down, something I [expletive] worked [expletive] months to get going, he just [expletive] breaks it up, you know? I don't know what the [expletive] we're going to do.

Gotti: I'll tell you what we [expletive] got to do. You want to know what the [expletive] we [expletive] got to do to Giuliani? We got to whack the [expletive], that's what we got to do! [Expletive] whack him good, and I don't give a [expletive] where we do it.

Persico: You mean like we blow his [expletive] brains out midtown or pick him up somewhere and [expletive] beat the living [expletive]—

Gotti: You think I [expletive] care how we do it? Every time I [expletive] think how that [expletive] went after my buddy Chris Ofili I get [expletive] furious. You know Chris, he's that African artist I was telling you about, the guy's [expletive] talented.

Persico: Yeah, I know who the [expletive] you mean.

Gotti: Well, [expletive] Giuliani decides he [expletive] don't like Chris's latest [expletive] thing at the Brooklyn Museum, you know the Virgin Mary swimming around in the elephant [expletive], like I was telling you about. Giuliani, the [expletive], he don't like it, the [expletive] don't like it, so what does he do? He makes like he's going to [expletive] close down the [expletive] Brooklyn Museum, cut off its [expletive] funding—

Persico: You're [expletive] kidding me! That's [expletive] censorship!

Gotti: You're [expletive] right it's [expletive] censorship. I was telling Chris last week, it's like the [expletive] Giuliani don't know we got this thing called the First [expletive] Amendment in this country!

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